

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman; of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth *By L. Cope Cornford.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake.

The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and put him on to perform a very curious mission in Salisbury. He meets him, and finds that Manning is still mixed up in his affairs as an enemy. Among other things he steals his horse.

CHAPTER XII.

I TAKE THE ROAD UPON MY OWN ACCOUNT.

SURE enough, next morning the ostler brought to the door a handsome roan mare, fully equipped. Upon putting her through her paces and look-

ing her over, Jacobus and I, both professed horse-copers, found her to all appearance sound: and after returning the amount of his bond to the

landlord, we set forth. We rode along the coast together so far as Charmouth, where our roads parted: Jacobus travelling north-east by Sherborne and Frome to Compton Chamberlayn, in Wiltshire; while my route lay further south through Bridport, Dorchester, Blandford, and Cranborne Chase to Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, where dwelt Mr. William Jenkins, Captain of the Hampshire contingent. Jacobus had near upon seven leagues further to ride than I: while Compton Chamberlayn lay three hours further from Salisbury (where both regiments were to muster at five in the morning of April the second) than Fordingbridge: but the Captain reckoned by means of incessant riding, frequent change of horses, and his knowledge of the country, to accomplish his journey in the time. The allowance of another day could have caused no jot of harm: while (as events fell out) the time gained might have saved many a loyal life. But the Captain was never content, unless he were doing just a little trifle more than any other man would be satisfied to accomplish.

During the next few miles after I had parted from Jacobus, the mare stumbled badly twice or thrice: but I thought little of it, rode easy, and stopped at Bridport to bait her and to drink a tankard of October. By the time we were well out on the Dorset Downs, under the shoulder of Shipton Beacon, the nag began to trip again: I dismounted, and examined her hocks, which were swollen and tender, and which must have been bandaged for a week before, to have reduced them to the normal condition in which they seemed that morning. There was nothing for it but to push on: and on we went. But presently, going down hill, the mare stumbled again and fell heavily, pitching me into the road. I came down upon my head, which seemed to explode like a petard at the concussion. I do not know how long I lay there: but when I sat up the ground heaved in billows, the sky was dark and raining stars. After drinking a little Hollands from my flask I felt better, though my head ached infernally, and my right arm was bruised and swollen from shoulder to elbow. Coming a little more to myself, a horrible pang seized me: I staggered to my feet and looked round.

There was no mare to be seen. She was clean gone, with thirty broad pieces in the saddle-bags, and my pistols—Manning's pistols—in the holsters. Doubtless that devilish nag was far on the road to Lyme by now. Mine host of the Blue Garland was avenged. I was sick as a dog, and every bone rebelled: but the urgency of my errand burned within me, and, hardly knowing what I did, I set my face to the east and began to plod forward. My mind growing clearer as I walked, I began to consider the situation. A horse I must have; for, although 'twas barely possible to tramp the distance in the time, a mistake in the direction, or a few hours' rain (for already the roads were soft), would defeat me, and I dared not risk it. Searching my pockets, I found (I remember accurately) three Jacobuses, a crown, seven shillings, and a groat. Certainly I could not buy a horse with those remunerations.

When necessity sets the grip upon a man, 'tis wonderful how it changes his opinion of the Ten Commandments. He perceives, in a wink, the margin of that absolute document to be close written with a great number of profitable saving clauses, hitherto unnoted. And, after trudging valley and upland for some three hours, I had resolved, like iron, that the first reasonable good nag I met should somehow change owners.

'Twas already falling dusk on those desolate wolds when I was aware of a horseman approaching on a bright bay stallion. As he drew near, I hailed him.

"Give you good-den, sir," I said; "I would have a word with you."

Seeing, I suppose, that I had not the air of a common foot-pad, the man drew rein: without, however, giving himself the trouble to return my salutation. He was a big, sulky-looking farmer fellow, plainly clad in grey homespun, with an uphill nose and a monstrous jowl like a bull-dog, and he carried a stout holly staff.

"Will you sell me your horse?"

"I will not, certainly," he returned in surly accents. "Is that all you wanted? Out o' my way!"

I caught his bridle with my left hand. "Sir," I said, "I am about an errand of life and death. A horse I must have. What is your price?"

He considered a moment. "Forty broad pieces, down on the nail," said he.



"SETTLING HIM IN AS EASY A POSTURE AS I COULD"

"Meet me at the Poultry Cross in Salisbury the day after to-morrow, and I will give you sixty."

"Belike!" said the farmer, his great face flushing. "And who are you, my fine sir, with the bloody coxcomb?"

"That is my business," quoth I.

"I can tell thee, nevertheless. Thou'rt a mountebank tricked up, or a ruffling bloody Cavalier—" and I saw that he had cropped his locks, which a Royalist yeoman would not do. "Take hand from my rein, man, or I will break the rest o' thy head for thee. Sneck up!"

He raised his cudgel; I drew a dag* from my belt, grasping it by the barrel,

for 'twas unloaded. For a moment we watched each other warily; then my yeoman struck at me, at the same time spurring his horse, which reared, for I held the bridle fast. With a quick motion of the head I avoided his blow, which fell upon my left shoulder, that was defended by the leathern pauldron of my buff coat, and I brought down the pistol-butt upon my antagonist's right wrist with all the force I could muster in my maimed arm. The stroke sounded as though I had beaten a billet of wood to flinders, and the man dropped his cudgel with a snarl like a baited bear. Still holding the rein, I stooped swiftly to pick it up, and the plunging of the

A small pistol.*

frightened nag gave me enough to do to reach it. As I rose with the staff in my hand, the farmer's fist caught me a swinging buffet on the side of the head. I was near stunned, and lost control of my anger. You are to remember that while the nag meant no more than saleable horseflesh to the churl, it meant the world to me. I struck at the rider's head. He warded the blow with his left arm; I beat it down, and brought the holly with a goodly thwack upon his pate. The big man swayed sideways and fell bodily upon me, bearing me to the ground. 'Twas all I could do to loose his boots from the stirrups and to prevent the nag kicking us both to death. So soon as I had quieted the horse, I bent over the prostrate yeoman and explored his head. The skull was whole, so doubtless he would recover; and, settling him in as easy a posture as I could, I mounted the bay and spurred forward.

By this time the sun had vanished, and white mists crawled in the valleys: and presently I saw the lights of Dorchester town twinkling through the haze. Fearing lest a hue-and-cry should be raised before morning, I avoided the town and pushed on through the gathering darkness. The day's misadventures began to press sore upon me: red-hot hammers beat within my head: my arm ached to agony from the violence I had used: and I heard strange sounds and beheld flitting and strange visions. Sometimes I would hear bells chiming, and methought they were the bells of Salisbury and I was riding thither: then I would see Barbara in a room alone with Manning in his red hair, and hear her cry aloud for help. At that I would start to my senses, gather up the reins, and stare into the dark: then again dreams and stupor would steal upon me. I seemed to have been riding in pain and darkness since the day I was born: when at last my trusty nag ambled into a village nestling at the base of a great hill, and called, as I learned in the morning, Troy Town. The lighted windows aroused me, and I had sense enough to steer into the stable-yard of the Inn, where I had no sooner dismounted, than I swooned upon the stones. The people of the house must have carried me within-doors and hapt me up in bed: for there I was when I awoke, with a comely white-haired old dame bathing

my temples. She gave me something mighty comforting to drink, and bade me to sleep: whereupon I sank straightway into a dreamless slumber.

'Twas broad daylight when I woke again, feeling stiff and sore indeed, but well enough and mighty hungry—so potent a medicament is youth. When I appeared downstairs my hostess cried out as though I had been a ghost, and would have it I must to bed again. But upon beholding the breakfast I consumed, she thought better of it, and after bandaging my head and arm afresh with some wonderful decoction of herbs and simples, and reiterating a hundred wise cautions, she let me go. My hostess of Troy Town tavern was a kindly, winsome old lady, in her clean lilac gown and great white cap: one of those whose simple nature is all to do good to others: and who, methinks, in this rude world's march, are too often shoved aside and trampled on.

The nag I had won by force of arms was a good nag, strong, steady, and handsome; and in the saddle-bags I found twenty-three broad pieces, some loose silver and copper, three little soiled linen bags containing samples of corn, and a new*whip-lash. My friend the Roundhead yeoman must have prospered in Dorchester market the day before. As for me, now I came to think of it by morning light, I had committed a common highway robbery; there was the plain fact. Anthony Langford of Langford Manor was no better than a thief and a robber.

Hitherto I had regarded my friend Captain Jacobus with a moral reservation: he was this and that, and 'twas excellent well; but there was a flaw in the crystal of his honour. Now I began to perceive he entertained precisely that opinion of myself; and (it appeared) with the better reason, and the greater forbearance. I recalled my heady speech the day we halted above Winchester city, that lay glittering in the valley. I thought myself something heroical at the time: and yet I had but figured as a pragmatical whipster, blown up with swelling conceits. Well, there seemed no certitude in morals, and for the first time it began to dawn upon my raw intelligence, that life is not a routine to be smoothly undertaken by the aid of maxims (as your cook by recipe makes kickshaws and pigeon-pasty), but a

delicate, chancy business, necessitating an alert habit of diplomacy.

My luck was surely out for the time : for a thick rain and mist, driving before an east wind, soaked me to the skin; there was no sun to steer by; and the road, at best a mere cart-rut, perplexed me continually by its divergences. So it was that after riding endlong over hill and heath all day, I came at dusk upon a desolate table-land where the wind blew salt, and the fog, rolling clear, unveiled beyond the trending coast-line some two miles distant a great plain of waters. Nearer hand, beside the sullen gleam of a river, the wet roofs of a town glistened in the fading light. I had travelled in a circle and come to the sea again. There was nothing for it but to go down into the town and lodge there for the night. I found the place to be Wareham, near by Poole Harbour, and thus, instead of arriving at Fordingbridge as I had reckoned, I was still, upon a reasonable near guess, some thirty miles distant. Moreover the nag was wearied out, and I myself could no longer sit

upright in the saddle. The Hampshire troop would be late at the muster, for all I could do: 'twas the woundiest hindrance, but the lot I must bear in spite of my teeth.

Next morning I was on the road again long ere sunrise, taking the ostler of mine inn to guide me so far as Woolbridge: and so I arrived at Fordingbridge and the house of Mr. Will Jenkins at ten in the fore-noon, five hours after the whole troop should have kept tryst at Salisbury. Mr. Jenkins despatched half-a-dozen riders hot-foot to the gentlemen concerned in the conspiracy, who were billeted with their followers in the manor and farmhouses of the neighbourhood: while his wife and a bevy of comely daughters made me great cheer, pressing me to stay and be healed of my bruises, or at least to await the riding of the troop. But I had scarce patience to eat some bread and meat and drink a stoup of wine: and borrowing a fresh horse, I struck spurs in and rode off at top speed for Salisbury.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE ROYALISTS OCCUPIED SALISBURY TOWN.

MY road lay along the familiar banks of Avon, and through my own estate and village of Langford. As I rode up the street the desperate clatter of hoofs brought women to their cottage-doors; and more than one fellow, recognising me, waved his cap and cried out a greeting.

A wild clangour of bells came faintly down the wind. Coming in sight of Salisbury Cathedral, pale against the lowering grey sky, I discerned, above the battlement where the steeple rises from the tower, a black speck like a fly crawl out upon the yellow stonework, and unfurl a speckle of gold and scarlet that twinkled in the wind. Methought I saw a pigmy arm flung up (no bigger than a bristle), and I knew the man was cheering the Royal Standard. The city was won, then. A frenzy of excitement seized me: I remember rising in my stirrups, waving my hat and hollering till the wood and water rang. The pealing clamour of the great bells swelled momently louder until the whole air was filled with clashing tintinabulations; and presently horse and man galloped across the Chapel Bridge where

John Manning had lain in ambush for me, and where (curse him!) I had let him go free.

The city was in a mighty turmoil. The houses seemed to have emptied into the streets, which were thronged with a shouting tide of cits, shopmen, 'prentices and idle fellows, setting towards the Market Place. Here and there a Royalist trooper in steel cap, back and breast, with a couple or more led horses jibbing at his elbow (conveyed without doubt from the nearest stable), would be thrusting his way through the press with oaths and the butt of his arquebus. Not a shop was open, and many of them were being fortified and barricadoed by the fat burgesses and greasy tradesfolk, with doors wrenched off their hinges, floor-boards, and ends of timber. They sweated at the work like men possessed: so hot was their hurry that (although I noted it not at the time) I recollect my memory of one such engineer, his puffy face all crimson, who, smiting at ten-penny nails with a great hammer, struck his fingers till a red stain came out upon the wood; yet he never blenched nor paused.

Across the top of the High Street at its entrance into the Market-place, a double file of cavalry was posted to keep the mobile back. Upon giving the word, "A Roland," one returned the counter, "For Oliver," the ranks opened, closed

Joseph Wagstaff. Except for the troopers, the Market-place was empty, files being stationed at the entering in of the streets. The windows of all the houses were white with faces and alive with gazing eyes: the roofs and gables



"WAVING MY HAT AND HOLLOWING TILL THE WOOD AND WATER RANG"

behind me, and I found myself in the Market-place. A squadron of cavalry was drawn up in the form of a hollow square, in the midst of which stood a knot of gentlemen on horseback conferring together, amongst whom I perceived Sir John Penruddock and Sir

were moving with spectators: a grey and still sky brooded over all, so that the motley of colours were singularly distinct; and save for the incessant tumult of the bells overhead, there reigned an ominous silence. I would have pushed through the horsemen to Sir John Penruddock,

to inform him of the speedy arrival of the Hampshire troop; but a major near by, hearing a commotion, turned with an oath and commanded order: and at that moment the ranks on the further side of the square opened out: I caught a flash of moving scarlet; and two judges, in their robes of red trimmed with ermine, and the sheriff in his furred gown, marched into the midst of the Market-place, conducted by a couple of troopers on either hand with swords drawn, and halted in front of the group of gentlemen. Sir Joseph Wagstaff put his horse a pace forward, and began a speech, of which I could only catch a word here and there. But the pealing of the bells suddenly ceasing, the words rang clear and echoed.

"And so, my lords, and you, Mr. Sheriff, are condemned by the King his Majesty, against whom y're taken in rebellion, seditiously administering rebel ordinances upon the bodies of his loyal and faithful subjects, to be hanged by the neck until ye be dead, and may God have mercy on your souls."

He ceased, and a kind of murmur and tremor ran through the multitude. Then the Lord Chief Justice Rolles stepped forward, with his parchment of commission unfurled in his hand, and began to speak. I could not hear his words; but before he had done, Sir John Penruddock spurred up to Sir Joseph Wagstaff, and rounded him eagerly in the ear. The rest of the gentlemen crowded round, and they conversed together, the two bearded men in scarlet looking quietly on, with no sign of trepidation. In a little Sir John Penruddock put his horse toward them, and cried out in a great voice:

"My lords, upon due consideration of your plea for mercy, ye are reprieved for this time. For you, Mr. Sheriff, y're arrested."

The sheriff, who was standing a little back, hurried forward and fell on his knees before the knight, with clasped hands upraised, crying aloud for mercy in a weeping voice.

"God-a-mercy, Sir John," cried one of the gentlemen, "hang all or none! Truss up the pitiful knave, and bring him along for a hostage."

At a word from Sir Joseph, two of the troopers who had been guarding the judges took the wretched sheriff by the

elbows, jerked him to his feet, and bound his arms behind him. I heard the men about me cursing freely. "This is no way to set about the business," quoth one, "to condemn one minute and to pardon the next." And, indeed, I was much of the same opinion.

The judges, after exchanging a few words with the officers, delivered up their commissions and turned to depart, the gentlemen raising their hats to them, and the ranks opening out again to let them through. The people at the windows and upon the house-tops set up a great shout, but whether for joy or anger I could not tell. As the troops began to move and to re-form I spurred through the press to Sir John Penruddock.

"Mr. Langford, I think," said he, saluting me. "Where are the Hampshire men, sir?"

I explained the delay as best I could, but he scarce heard me out.

"Tis no matter," he said. "We have done very well without them, as you see. The city surrendered at discretion. We march down West, whither they may follow at their leisure. Give you good-den, Mr. Langford," and, raising his hat, he turned away. Sir John was plainly a good deal elated, but (had he only known it) no man had ever less reason in this world.

Making my way to the Poultry Cross, I gave my horse to a trooper, and, with beating heart, went up to the door of Mayor Phelps's house. I knocked in vain, and finding the door upon the latch, I entered the hall. Methought as I crossed the threshold that I heard a noise of hammering, as of someone cleaving wood; but no sooner had I closed the door behind me than the sound ceased. I stood quiet and listened. There was nothing to be heard save the tick-tack of the tall clock in the corner. I hurried from room to room, but all were empty; the door of Barbara's chamber stood open, and I went in softly, with a sense of profanation. 'Twas all in confusion, cupboards and chests standing open, clothes and dainty gear tossed upon the bed and upon the floor, where, spying a pair of tiny, red-heeled shoon, I put them in my pocket. Pausing to weigh this strange condition of affairs, I heard the knocking sounds beginning again downstairs. I descended swiftly to the hall, but before

I had reached the stair-foot all was once more still.

The hall was a long, sombre room, with a wide, diamond-paned window looking on the street at one end, and a massive staircase ascending at the other. Dim portraits of men in armour, and demure ladies in ruff and stomacher (for the Phelps's came of a good lineage), were framed in the brown panelling that lined the walls from oaken floor to oak-beamed ceiling. As I stood gazing in absence of mind at the profile of a helmed warrior whose picture was next to the great stone fireplace, I suddenly beheld his eyeball move, a shining speck in the gloom. My skin crept upon me, and I glanced fearfully round at the shadows that lurked in the corners: then I looked again. The dead Elizabethan was gazing in front of him under painted lids. My brain was tricking me again, I supposed; and small wonder, for my battered head ached sorely whenever I had time to think about it. I drew a step nearer, staring at the picture: when my heart gave a bursting leap, for a voice issued from the wall.

"I fear I must put you to the trouble of releasing me, Mr. Langford," it said, in muffled tones. "Touch the spring, and undo the bolts, if you please."

I had no notion there was a secret chamber, or priest's hole, in that place: and marvelling greatly, sought for the spring. The voice continued to direct me; and at length, a massy steel lever shot back, the whole picture opened outwards like a door; and who should step over the wainscot but Manning, with his high look and superior air, and neatly tied love-lock, just as I had last beheld him under that roof.

"Give you good-den, Mr. Langford," said he, politely. "I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble. But I made no doubt you knew the secrets of this house at least so well as I," said Manning, with sarcasm.

There were a good many questions which I should have liked Manning to resolve for me. Had he aught to do with the deprivation of my estate, and what was the Plymouth Plot? Why had he spied upon me from the window of the inn among the Flemish sand-dunes? Why he had pried into my pockets that night upon the *Saint Gabriel*, masquerading in the French language, and a wig?

Why he had stolen my horse from the Blue Garland? How he dared? Where was the paper of three seals, and the three thousand pounds? And where Jacobus? Above all, where was Barbara? Why was the house empty, while he was bolted into the priest's hole? And again, what the devil was he doing there, after my warning and challenge on the Chapel Bridge?

Manning stood gazing insolently at me, hand on hip, as I ran these things over in my mind. Looking at him, it came upon me that the only proposition in the world I could make to such a fellow was the last on the enumeration. I accordingly propounded it: and so it was that I never got solutions to any of my problems from John Manning.

"My privy business, I have the honour to presume," answered Manning.

"Well, you remember what I told you?" said I.

"I recollect me perfectly of your singular courtesy," returned Manning. "Sblood, how much longer will you dilly-dally about this business?" he shouted, in sudden insane fury. "Must I spit in your face, you dog, to make you fight?" and therewith he caught me a buffet on my wounded head, that struck like a bolt of fire.

Half blinded with the pain, I drew upon him: our rapiers hissed from the scabbards at the same instant; and we set-to like a couple of bulls. I used both hands, to ease my maimed arm that was mighty sore and stiff, holding the blade just over the hilts with my left gauntlet, as one does at the end of a long bout of fencing. Manning fought with the light of the window in his eyes, so that I held a small advantage; and my arm growing easier and my head clearer, I began to press him hard. The sweat glistened on his forehead, and he panted aloud: but he was a staunch fighter, full as good at tricks of fence as I, and in far better trim: and I began to wonder how long I could hold out. I had pricked him once or twice, and my foot had near slipped in my own blood: the sparks were flying, and the room ringing like a stithy, when a door clapped, and in another moment our blades were stricken up by old Richard Phelps, with a half-pike he must have snatched from the wall as he entered. Instantly Manning slipt behind the

Mayor, and ran out of the house, slamming the door in my face. Next moment I was out and after him, to see him with a slash of his sword cut down the trooper who held my horse, leap upon the nag's back, drive spurs

shoot from the walls, I was fain to stop and lean upon my sword for breath. In a paternoster-while, a big dragoon with a couple of led horses in his fist, drew rein beside me.

"What, man! Hast been in a fray,



*I was good hunting at ~
You remember what I told ye said I*

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in, and away, the people running this way and that at the rattle of the hoofs. Pursuing him hot-foot, the bloody rapier naked in my hand, I kept him in sight until we cleared the streets, where troopers were still straggling out after Sir John Penruddock's main body. But I was already spent; and scarce a bow-

and gotten the worst o't, by'r Lady Art for Cæsar? What will ye give me for Roland, then?"

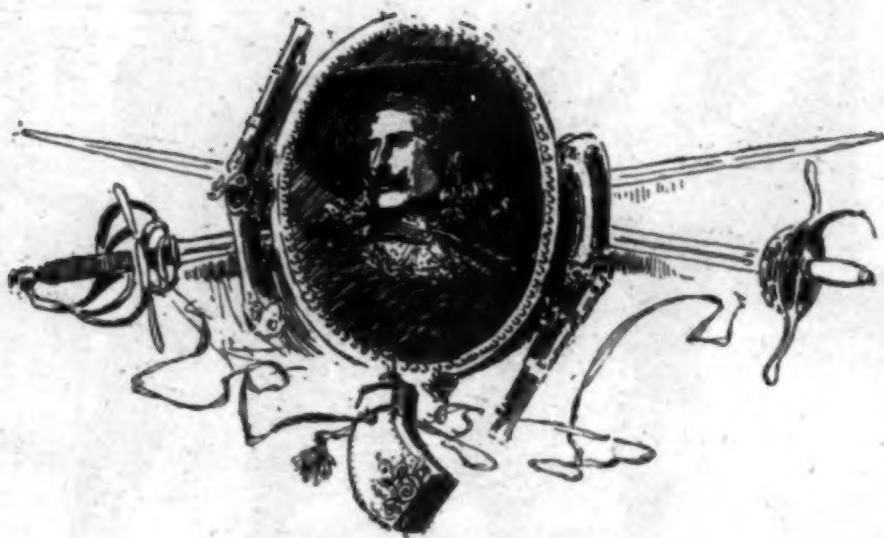
"Oliver," I said, gasping.

"Right so! Why, then, get astride the nag."

I laid hold of the animal, but had not the trooper dismounted to help me, I

could not have climbed upon his back. We rode together to Wilton, where we halted at the Orle of Martlets. Giving the man a crown to drink my health, he brought me out a tass of wine, which revived me somewhat, and I rode on alone into Grovely Wood, where by good fortune I stumbled upon the track to the Thieves Chapel. By this time I

was become so horribly ill that me-thought I should never live to get there; and rode in agony, lying on my horse's neck. As we came out upon the clearing where stood the Chapel, I beheld the figure of Barbara standing on the threshold, and heard her voice, and saw her run towards me, and rolled senseless at her feet.



Of English Schools of Music.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG.

No impartial onlooker can fail to have been impressed by the fact that the principal honours in British musical life are almost invariably secured by executants who have been trained by some famous foreign master, or at one of the big Continental schools, and who are of other nationality than ours. How this has come about it is at first very difficult to understand. If the intelligent observer, for instance, in the pursuit of better knowledge, sends for the reports of the Royal College of Music, or the Royal Academy of Music, or the Guildhall School of Music, he does not, as perhaps might be expected, find that those institutions are partial failures. On the contrary, his mind is gladdened with a record of magnificent work done among several hundreds of students, together with faithful accounts of several noteworthy individual triumphs. But if he then turns to the lists of executants who "star" by themselves, or who appear with a party at the leading concerts in London and the provinces, he is astounded to see how seldom appear therein the names of those whom our great British musical organisations delight to honour. Nearly every space, indeed, is filled by some foreign celebrity who knows nothing of the glories of Prince Consort Road or Tenterden Street, but who, more often than not, flaunts his foreign origin and decorations.

If the spirit of the earnest investigator

is still hot within him, our intelligent and dispassionate critic may perhaps follow my example, and address a respectful inquiry on the subject to the heads of our principal schools—say for the benefit of the readers of some important magazine like THE LUDGATE. Let us hope, then, that they will not "with one consent begin to make excuse"—that Sir A. C. MacKenzie will not find that, owing to pressure of work, he is unable to comply with the invitation; that Sir George Grove, whilst regarding the question as an interesting one, will not regret that his health will not allow him "to undertake any more work than he has at present in hand"; and that even the most urbane and courteous Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry will not find "there is so much to be said on the question that it

is impossible for him to enter upon it at present." For, as I ventured to point out respectfully to these most excellent teachers, "in times of patriotic ferment like these, the importance of this question cannot, from the point of view of musicians or the general public, be easily over-estimated; and a few words from such eminent authorities might do much to remove popular misconception and prejudice!" And surely that would have been good and not bad work!

Luckily, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, one of the greatest of our composers, has found time to answer the question, "Why nearly all our chief pianists and violinists are foreigners?" and he thinks



SIR A. C. MACKENZIE
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

the reason is this: "Owing to the comparative scarcity of high-class concerts throughout the country, and the prejudice



SIR GEORGE GROVE
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

which still, unfortunately, exists to a great extent against English executants, our native instrumentalists have, in most instances, as soon as they have attained proficiency in their art, to resort either to teaching or to playing in orchestras, in order to gain a livelihood, thus not only causing a deterioration in the talents they may possess as solo artists, but also considerably lessening their chances of making a reputation as such. The foreign executant, on the contrary, has such a wide field before him all over the Continent, and the chances of so many high-class engagements at the numberless orchestral concerts which take place there, that he can, in most instances, afford to devote his life to this branch of his art, and allow his talents to develop without need of the extraneous help I have referred to. That we do possess considerable executive talent amongst us I could bring forward many examples to show. Such artists as Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and others are already doing a great deal to overcome prejudices both at home and abroad, and

I believe in this, as in other branches of the art, the time is not far distant when our native executants will have a much larger scope for their talents, and will be enabled to take equal rank with all, or nearly all, foreign competitors."

On the other hand, Mr. David Bispham (who, by-the-way, I read is now busy making arrangements for a tour in America in 1897) says: "I cannot answer your question as to why so many of the famous pianists and violinists come from abroad except by propounding some similar questions, namely: Why are Russians such good linguists? Why do some families of birds sing better than others? Or why do 'dogs delight,' &c.? The answer to all of which is: 'For 'tis their nature to.'" This is clever and characteristic, but a trifle intangible; as, indeed, is the reply of Mr. William Smallwood, a veteran composer the copyright of whose composition "The Fairy Barque" was recently sold at a public auction for over £1,800, a fabulous price even in these times of plenty, when America and the Colonies are keen competitors. Mr. Smallwood contents himself by saying the matter is a grievance of long standing, and has remained the same ever since the time of



SIR HUBERT PARRY
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

his boyhood—most unjustly, he believes. Dr. Coward, of Sheffield, whose work and influence in Yorkshire it would

not be easy to estimate, however, carefully and most boldly analyses the causes of this undue preference. He writes : "There are, and have been, many influences at work to cause so many pianistes and violinists to come from abroad, but these may be classed,

not associate with English musicians, as they think it *infra dig* to be on anything like equality with even a clever man who has some regard for self-respect. Here the adaptability of the foreigner comes in, as he does not object to fawn upon those who are wealthy, and often



P. H. COWEN
Drawn by T. H. Wilson

roughly, of course, under the heads of (1) Lack of patriotism amongst the English themselves, and (2) the adaptability of foreigners to English needs. It would take a long article to discuss these things in detail; all I can do is merely to indicate lines of thought which you may fill up.

"From the social side, we display lack of patriotism. Our wealthy people will

makes it up by his arrogance to those whom he feels he can treat with disdain. Then, again, the unpatriotic disparagement of English bands, English players, and English music is a saddening feature. If you get speaking of the merits of an English orchestra, some one, with a swaggering desire to show superiority, says 'Oh! but you should hear the band at the Grand Opera,

Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin'—the farther off the better. In fact, there has been, and is, a system of self-glorification used by great numbers of English people at



MR. WILLIAM SMALLWOOD
From a photograph by Hogg, Kendal

the expense of native artists which is almost fatal to English music and musicians. Here again the adaptability of the foreigner comes in. I have never heard a foreigner speak of artistes in any branch of music—except his own, of which *he*, of course, was the chief exponent—without hearing him glorify his country at the expense of poor, despised England.

"The newspapers are also unpatriotic and unfair to English musicians. They will scarcely chronicle anything pertaining to Englishmen, whereas the most unimportant fact about a foreign artist is greedily inserted, the editors apparently being under the impression that this chronicling of foreign items shows smartness. A case in point occurred only recently, a long paragraph going the round of the papers, of Mascagni's opinions and tremendous puffing of his own two unfinished operas, and also of an unperformed trifle of Rossini's, which latter was to show the transcendent genius of Rossini: as though the world had not made its opinion of his light confectionery long ago! Then again, when a new English work is produced, the critics have a different standard of judgment to that employed in foreign

countries. We say a thing is very good and was well received, but for the same measure of success the Italian papers would go into hysterics, saying it was transcendent, glorious, &c., which paragraphs, getting copied into English papers, give Englishmen the notion that their composers are not in it.

"Was ever such fulsome adulation given to a work as to *Cavalleria Rusticana*? and did it deserve a tithe of it? These adaptable foreigners and their deep designing representatives in England, knowing how greedily this kind of news is taken by English newspapers, deliberately make these glowing notices for exportation, and by-and-bye they appear in our English papers. I will not say aught about the letters craving puffs—a mixture of unblushing 'cheek' (pardon the slangy expression) and sycophancy received from these long-haired gentlemen—but I think I have said sufficient to show that it is a wonder that we have any English artistes at all.

"What is wanted is for the nobility, the public, and the newspapers—or, in other words, the classes, masses, and the press—to see through the deep designs to which they have too long submitted;



DR. COWARD
From a photograph by Crosby, Sheffield

and the great revival of English composers and artistes of the highest rank, which we are witnessing at present, will land us in the future, as we were in the

far past, in the front rank of music. I forgot to notice the different way in which English critics—or, rather, critics who represent English newspapers, who, by the way, are often German or Germanised Englishmen—treat foreign artistes and English artists through the latter not having the assurance to 'get at' these said critics."

Dr. C. Lee Williams, the famous organist of Gloucester Cathedral, also holds that "There are in England at the present time artists of the front rank equal in all respects to those now before the public who bear foreign names, but to whom the opportunity of asserting their powers as solo pianists and violinists is denied them (1) by astute agents, who, treating the art from a commercial view only, nurse the public weakness for foreign

names, and, naturally enough, 'follow the money'; (2) because the conditions and purity of the artistic atmosphere amongst the masses in England is different from other countries, notably Germany. The youth of a nation should have the opportunities of absorbing early artistic influences with their bread and milk. I for one would have *children's concerts* of carefully-selected, simple, and pleasing music in all styles of the art. Other countries are more inclined to take music to the people; in England we expect people to come to the music, without having first developed their taste from childhood. Hence, perhaps, violinists and pianists are more plentiful in countries where the first invaluable artistic instincts are carefully nursed."



ATTENTION

GARDEN SONG

O, HAVE you seen my garden in the West,
And have you seen my roses, red and white:
The garden I have made, therein to rest,
The roses blowing all for my delight?

*They've told me of your garden, said the maid,
I've smelled your fragrant roses as I passed,
And greatly would it pleasure me, she said,
To walk your garden's gravelled ways at last.*

Then, come into my garden, come away,
And gather you my roses if you will:
Leave but the buds to flower another day;
And, O, my heartsease prithee do not kill.

*She gathered all his roses, bud and flower,
And plucked the tall white lilies head by head.
She laughed awhile, but left him in an hour:
When, woe is me, his heartsease all was dead.*

H. D. LOWRY.



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

A CASE OF INGRATITUDE.

"THE most foolish thing a man can possibly do," said Smurthwaite, dogmatically, "is to pay the smallest heed to the troubles of his friends."

"And yet," I said, "in the case of Murray. . . ."

"Oh," cried Smurthwaite, "I don't pretend that I have never been foolish, or that there are not exceptions to the rule I have given you. I speak generally."

"And apropos of what?" I asked, noting that his usually serene temper was more than a little ruffled.

"Well, it is hardly a story, but you might be interested in the history of my relations with a man who called on me to-day. The thing began—as did Murray's affair—in my Edinburgh days, where I knew one George Allison. When I came to London he asked me to call on his brother, Jim, a medical student, and I did so. This brother was not the sort of person to whom I felt myself greatly drawn; but we saw a great deal of one another, and passed for very good friends.

"You know how the stage, and those connected with it, fascinate a young man: Jim Allison knew a family whose daughters were all engaged in professions more or less connected with the

theatre. As a matter of fact, these girls were his cousins. He introduced me, and I still enjoy the memory of certain evenings when we did our best to entertain them royally. One of the girls, Alice Thornley, I liked immensely. She liked me, also, I fancy, and we were soon the best friends in the world.

"I had known the Thornleys for some months when Jim Allison asked me to go and take a holiday with him, at the house of his father, a clergyman, in a pleasant suburb of Bristol. I had nothing in particular to keep me here in London, so I consented to go, and spent a very happy fortnight there. Old Allison was extremely popular, and we were invited to no end of dances and dinners.

"Among our hosts was a naturalised German, one Begelheim. I saw little enough of him, and what I saw was not particularly attractive. But I did like his son, Arthur. In appearance he was very much like a perfect regiment of plain and heavy sisters, except that he was singularly handsome. He had a most beautiful smile, and could convey to any man the conviction that he was the friend whom Arthur Begelheim valued. He did not impress me so strongly as he might have done, but I liked him, and remembered him well when much

of what happened at Bristol was forgotten.

"Some little time passed, and then he was recalled to my memory very curiously. I had seen comparatively little of Allison for some months, and



"HE WENT TO MY FATHER AND PUT THE CASE BEFORE HIM"

was a trifle surprised when he called on me one night. I soon perceived that he was in difficulties of some sort, and, knowing that he possessed a very exaggerated idea of my sagacity, I prepared myself to give advice with the proper judicial air.

"Do you remember young Arthur Begelheim?" he asked presently.

"At Bristol?" I said. "Perfectly."

"And you were always a big pal of little Alice's," he continued. "I take it you'll be glad to do them both a good turn. The fact is, Begelheim's people hate the stage a little more strongly than they appear to hate the devil. Alice was down at Bristol in comic opera the other day, and young Arthur saw her. He fell in love on the spot, and got an introduction: with the

result that Alice is now Mrs. Arthur Begelheim.

"When his father got to know it there was no end of a row. The old man, being the most intensely passionate man alive, prides himself on being above all things cool and impulsive. He went to my father and put the case before him. His only omission was that, having slandered the actress who was his daughter-in-law about as completely as was possible, he forgot to tell my father her name. The result was that my father, influenced by the old man's vehemence, gave him the exact sort of advice which he wanted, and only realised a day or two later, when he learned that the actress in question was Alice, that he had done his best to ruin the earthly prospects of his own niece."

"Arthur has already been cut off with a shilling. He was a partner in his father's business: he is now without a situation of any kind. My father made an attempt to make things straight—for Alice's sake—but he failed abjectly. Arthur and his wife are living in furnished lodgings down in Erfurt Street, Pimlico. Will you call and see if you can suggest any way out of the present situation? They will

both be glad to see you in any case; and if you can do anything to put matters right you will be doing a kindness to other friends besides them."

"Of course I promised, and made a note of the address. But you can understand I had no hope of being able to do anything to better the condition of Alice and her husband. I had made no particular study of old Begelheim, but I knew well enough from what I had seen of him that he would not be an easy customer to deal with. However, I made the promise, and there the matter ended for the night."

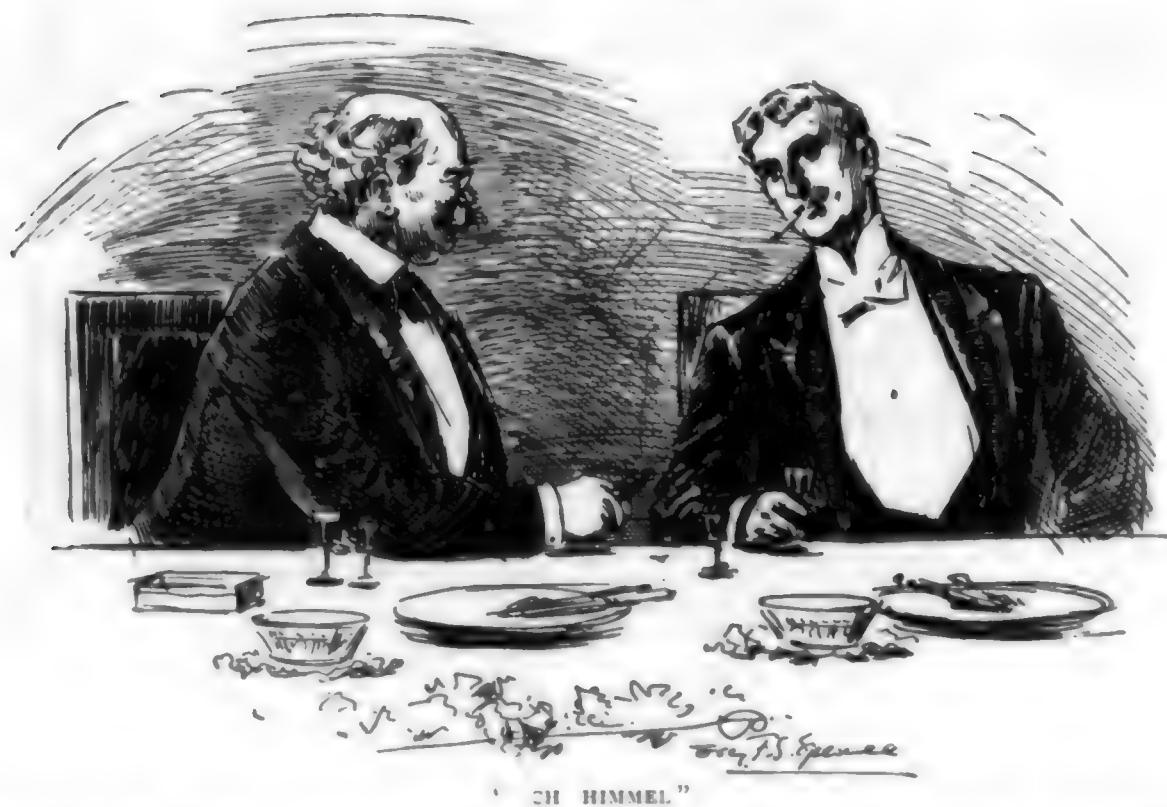
"I think I have said before that I find coincidences a great deal commoner in real life than they are even in the most machine-made of fiction? The very next night I went out to dinner.



"WE HAD NOT LONG BEEN SEATED AT THE TABLE"

I arrived a little late, and was only introduced to the lady whom I was to take down, but we had not long been seated at the table when I heard someone—the hostess, I think—address a 'Mr. Begel-

heim.' I was immediately on the *qui vive*. The name is not common, and, having my mind full of Alice and her husband, I could not but jump to the conclusion that the guest was somehow connected



with them. He was a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man, clearly a bachelor and a *bon viveur*. He spoke both French and English with the accent of which a German is never able to rid himself.

"I waited my time until the ladies had retired. Then I asked the host to introduce me, and without delay started upon the subject in which I was interested. 'There is a Mr. Begelheim who is well known in commercial circles in Bristol,' I said. 'Is he a relation of yours?'

"My new acquaintance laughed. 'Ach Himmel! Is he a friend of yours? He is my brother, but we are not friends.'

"I looked at him with new hopes, for he seemed both prosperous and kindly.

"Do you remember your nephew, Arthur?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered. "He was a fine little boy. I saw the other day that he had ceased to be his father's partner. I do not wonder. I was his father's partner once, and I soon found the position one for which I was unfitted."

"You can imagine how quickly I realised my opportunity. I told him young Allison's story, and invited him to come down to Pimlico at once. I was eloquent upon the subject of Alice's charms and virtues. It took little to persuade him, and, after a few words with our host, we left the house. I took

a cab to the address which I had been given the night before.

"I was glad we had chanced to come on this particular night, for I saw that Arthur and his wife were in the deepest dejection. To make matters worse, Alice—who had always been delicate—was suffering from some painful affection of the throat. She looked hopeful when she saw that I had brought a stranger, and they both cheered up wonderfully when they knew who their visitor was.

"We had a long conversation. It appeared that when old Begelheim had quarrelled with Arthur's father, he had left England and settled in Paris, where he flourished exceedingly. He was evidently much interested in his nephew and niece, and undertook to do his best to put them into a better position. The fact that Arthur had broken with his father seemed to intensify the good-will borne him by his uncle.

"We stayed with them for some hours, and then drove back to Begelheim's hotel, where he reiterated his intention to look after the hapless couple, and made a note of my address. Some days after I received a telegram from the old man, who had returned to Paris, asking me to come over and see him immediately. I happened to be crossing the Channel in connection with a matter of business in a few days' time. I replied

to the telegram, and when I did go, my first call was upon Begelheim.

"Well," he said, "I have not forgotten my promise to little Arthur. I think I have found him something to do." He went on to explain that a certain French bank was establishing a branch in London. He had been using his influence, and had secured a post for his nephew.

"I need not tell you of the events which followed. I went down to Pimlico on my return to London, and told the Begelheims of their change of fortune. They were naturally delighted, and thanked me with an almost exaggerated show of gratitude. Some few weeks afterwards Arthur entered upon the duties of his new position, and from that time forth I heard nothing of him for several years. He had got what he wanted out of me, and for the present I was of no further use to him. He had forgotten me, and I quickly did the same with him.

"The whole thing had almost entirely faded from my memory when I read a paragraph which reminded me of Arthur, and made me wonder what he would do. The bank in which he was engaged had not been such a success in London as the promoters had hoped, and the branch was to be closed. He had had a very good position, but I knew the man sufficiently well to be pretty confident that he would not have saved anything during the time of his prosperity. I was rather inclined to wonder whether he would find some other friend to help him out of his difficulties.

"About a month later, having in the meantime heard nothing further of Arthur and his affairs, I went one day to Madame Tussaud's."

Smurthwaite looked at me deprecatingly. "What on earth took you there?" I said. "I thought the place was wholly meant for the delectation of the country cousin."

"Precisely so," said Smurthwaite. "A client from the country who was possessed of an exorbitant desire to visit the famous show, induced me to accompany him to Baker Street one afternoon. That is my excuse.

"We were loitering about when I caught sight of a lady whom I recognised immediately. It was Alice Begelheim, and, observing her surreptitiously, I saw that Arthur was with her. I guessed at once, seeing him unoccupied

at this time of the day, that he had not yet found any situation.

"I did not mean them to see me, for I realised that they would only be too glad to renew the acquaintanceship, which they had so carefully dropped, now that there was some chance that I might be useful to them again. I drew my companion to a distance as quickly as possible, but as I did so I was conscious that I had done it too late.

"Alice had seen me, and in a moment she had addressed me. 'Good afternoon, Mr. Smurthwaite. What an age it is since we met.'

"I could not get away. 'It is a long time, isn't it?' I said. 'But you seem remarkably well. Is Mr. Begelheim all right?'

"She turned and looked down the room. 'Arthur!' she cried, and in a moment Arthur Begelheim turned from his contemplation of a group, and came towards us.

"'Why, it is Smurthwaite!' he said. 'How are you, old man?'

"'I am well enough, thank you,' I said, and then we drifted into conversation, I eyeing my late companion furtively, and endeavouring to make it plain that I wanted to rejoin him. Alice saw this at last.

"'We musn't keep you from your friend,' she said. 'Will you come and dine with us to-morrow?'

"I promised, foolishly, and rejoined my friend. The next day I went to the Begelheims. Once more they were in a state of depression. Arthur had not saved anything while he was prosperous, and the closing of the bank had left him nearly destitute. Would I, said Alice, suggest what should be done. I had helped them once before in a way they could never forget, and if I would tell them how to effect a reconciliation with Begelheim *père* they would be still more deeply and eternally grateful.

"I suppose my vanity was flattered. At any rate I made the only suggestion that occurred to me. Old Begelheim happened to be stopping in London at the time. His grandchild, who had arrived upon the scene soon after Arthur got his post in the French bank, was much in evidence during the half-hour before dinner.

"'I believe it is always best to do the obvious thing,' I said. 'In this case that would be for you two to put on com-



"ALICE SANG TO US"

paratively shabby clothes, invade the old gentleman's sitting-room, and present his grandchild to him before he has had time or opportunity to refuse the introduction.'

"Do you think it would be of any use?" asked Alice, doubtfully, yet with a certain look of wanting to try.

"It is always absolutely successful in novels," I said, "and I fancy it should be not ineffectual for once in real life. He has never met you, has he?"

"He never would see me," replied Alice.

"Arthur broke in and settled the matter. 'By Jove, it is the very thing! I wonder why we never hit upon the plan before? But it is always you, Smurthwaite, who help us out of our difficulties.'

"After that the evening went gaily. Alice sang to us with something of the gaiety and spirit which had charmed me in the days before her marriage. I left them, resolved to follow my advice the next day, and they promised to let me know the result of their action immediately.

"The following letter reached me two days later:

"My dear Smurthwaite—

We shall be eternally grateful! I needn't tell you how it went, for you've read the scene in a score of novels. The old man was charmed with Alice, and more than charmed with the son and heir. So I am taken back into favour, and am to have my old position in the firm. You must give me a chance to do as much for you some day if you would complete your kindness to us. Yours always,

"Arthur Begelheim."

Smurthwaite paused.

"Well?" I said.

"That is the whole of the story, practically. It so happened that in the years which followed I had to journey pretty frequently by a fast train which was used by Arthur Begelheim in returning to Bristol when business had brought him to London. He did just recognise me, and that was all. He never stopped to tell me how he and Alice and the child were prospering, or to ask if the time had come when he might do me the great favours which he

had so lavishly promised. He would have dropped me altogether if it had not been for these accidental meetings, which he could not avoid."

"But he called on you to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said Smurthwaite, grimly. "He has become the agent of a company which insures agricultural

implements. I did not ask him if his father had once again quarrelled with him. That was apparent. I simply told him I saw no chance of putting any business in his way, and got rid of him as quickly as I could. The story has ended now: you may be sure of that."



AN AWFUL EXAMPLE

DRAWN BY A. C. GLENDINNING

In Praise of "Greater Liverpool."

BY T. J. BROWN.

WITHIN the last twelve months three events have tended to direct special attention to the "second city of the empire"—first, the exertion to retain the great Atlantic passenger traffic; secondly, the scheme for the enlargement of the city's boundaries; and, thirdly, the selection of a peer to fill the position of chief magistrate. When the great land-

of 28 pages was published, it seems there were four churches, two docks, six licensed houses, and 30,000 inhabitants.

Liverpool must therefore be looked upon as a very modern city, and the visitor must not desire to search for ancient fabrics or other illustrations of early English life. Cowper has said that "trade is the golden girdle of the globe," and Liverpool must be considered



THE LANDING STAGE
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

owning Derby family first became associated with what is now a great centre of commerce and shipping there existed but a fishing village with few inhabitants; yet, small as were its dimensions, the loyalty of the people was such as to secure a charter of incorporation from King John, while in 1295 it became entitled to send two members to Parliament. In 1766, when the first directory

as representing all that is vigorous and vital in English commerce. A little over a year ago the bold efforts of Southampton to secure the great Atlantic traffic rather startled the local ship-owners and aroused great interest in the city. The Dock Board, which in the opinion of some had failed to keep pace with the times, was stirred to an appreciation of the loss that would fall upon

Liverpool if the passenger traffic across the ocean were diminished, and as a consequence six months only elapsed ere a fine station was erected on the quay overlooking the landing-stage, and arrangements made for the great liners to come to the stage and swiftly discharge passengers and merchandise to be conveyed in a few hours to London. On June 12th last the White Star steamer *Germanic* gracefully floated up to the landing stage, and since then numerous "greyhounds of the ocean" have been enabled to participate in the new arrangements.

Much space would be required in order to give an idea of the vast shipping industry of Liverpool. On one side of the Mersey the handsome docks and warehouses stretch for over six miles, and on the Cheshire side they extend one mile along the bank and two miles inwards. The water area of the docks and basins on the Liverpool side of the river is equal to 381 acres, and there are $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles of quayage; on the Cheshire side $164\frac{1}{2}$ acres represents the water space, and there are $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles of quayage. It is in the latter portion of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board estate that

1,592,436 tons; last year the total was 11,000,000 tons—truly a wonderful increase. Belfast and the Clyde appear to have taken away the shipbuilding,



ALDERMAN T. HUGHES
THE MAKER OF "GREATER LIVERPOOL."
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

once so prominent a feature in Liverpool's trade, and now there remains but one great shipbuilding yard—that of Laird's—whence torpedo-boats and great warships, such as the *Royal Oak*, have been completed to the order of the Government. There can be no doubt that the recent threatened absorption of a great portion of the sea commerce, on which the prosperity of Liverpool mainly depends, has aroused the Dock Board to a sense of duty, and much has depended upon the wisdom and diplomacy of its Chairman, Mr. John Brancker, whose portrait we give.

Not many months ago large ships could not, except at high water, cross the Bar of the Mersey—a sand bank situated at the mouth of the river—but here again the careful expenditure of money upon huge dredgers resulted in the removal of the obstruction, and now even the immense Atlantic liners may cross at all stages of the tide, thus saving time, and certainly dissipating the well known causes of delay in the rapid landing of passengers from America. If the visitor to Liverpool desires to gain some idea of her vast trade he must journey down to the landing stage, and, after viewing the vessels that pass in-



MR. R. D. HOLT
FIRST LORD MAYOR
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

the large Cunarders find accommodation when in port. There are twenty-three graving docks and an imposing array of warehouses.

In 1831 the tonnage amounted to

wards and outwards along the broad Mersey, he should travel by the Overhead Electric Railway, which runs along the whole line of docks, affording a splendid view.



MR. JOHN BRANNER

From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

Reference has already been made to another prominent point in the history of the city—the extension of her boundaries so as to constitute what has been described, with perhaps somewhat too great iteration a "greater Liverpool." The population now numbers 631,350, but if the residential districts on both sides of the Mersey—"the sleeping places" of the men who trade, as a certain alderman has described them—are included, the total number of inhabitants could not be estimated at less than a million, so that even the recent attempt on the part of Glasgow to gain the title of the "second city of the empire," in point of population, at once vanishes into thin air. The enlarged city now covers 13,236 acres, of which 8,026 have just been added; 138 miles of roads have been taken over, making a total of 415 miles; there are now 663 miles of main sewers, the added portion consisting of 106 miles. The tramway system—which is somewhat handicapped, so far as horseflesh and cheap fares are concerned, by the hilly nature of the thoroughfares leading from the centre of the city—now consists of 68 miles of lines. It is generally admitted that the success of the scheme for enlarging the

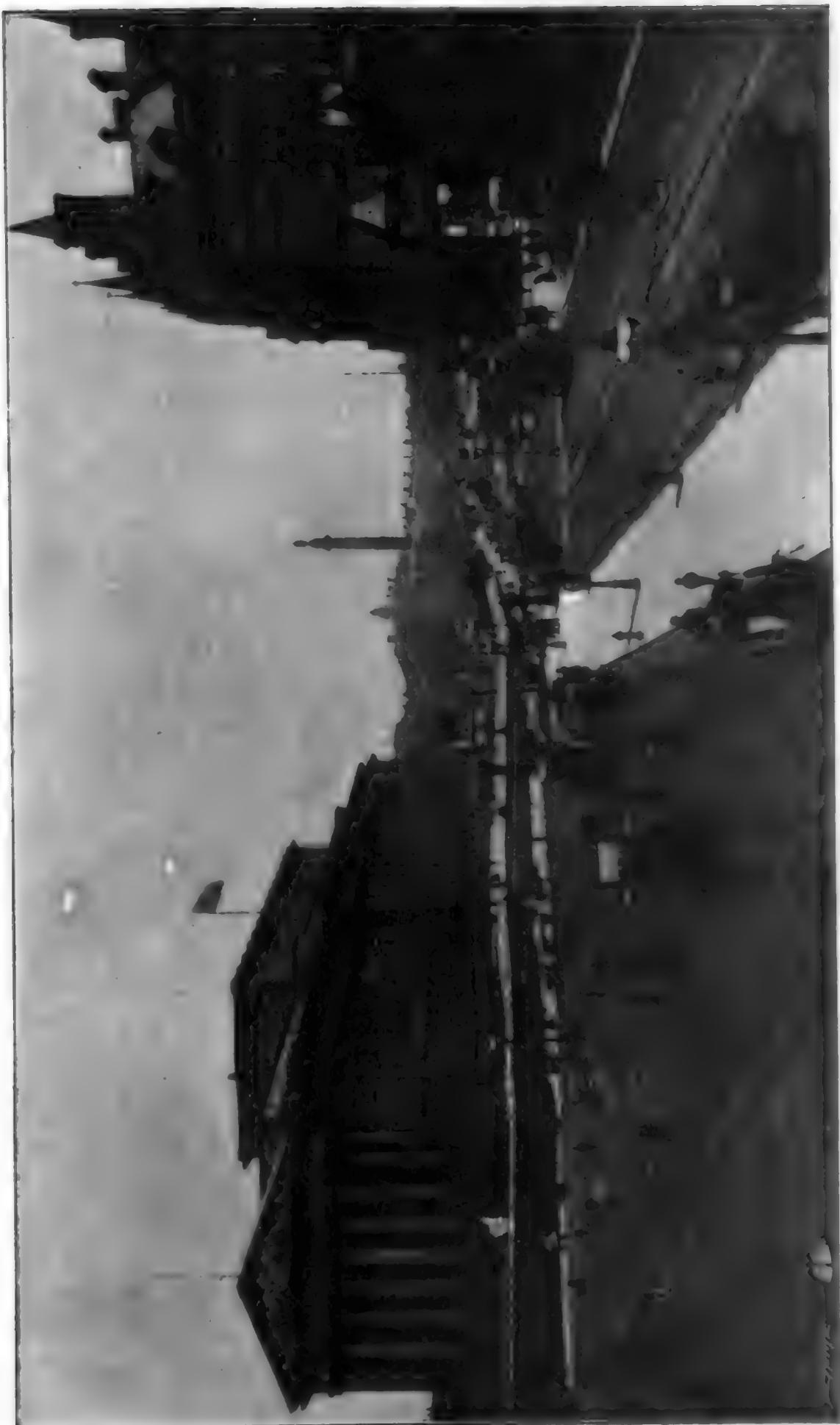
boundaries of the city, and thus bringing in those whose interests were similar, and who had the advantage of the fine series of institutions gradually erected in the city, was the outcome of the great tact displayed by Alderman Thomas Hughes, a local timber merchant and a prominent member of the City Council. Mr. Hughes, who is the embodiment of courtesy and local patriotism, is now the leader of the Conservative party in the council chamber, and, if his style of oratory be florid, it has the advantage of being the frame in which pictures of common sense are carefully placed. Lord Derby, who has renewed the connection of his family with Liverpool by becoming Lord Mayor—in olden times the lords of Knowsley filled the office of Chief Magistrate—makes an ideal chairman, and, as expected, has initiated at the Town Hall a series of festivities which will give a much-needed fillip to the social life of the city.

Lord Derby, whose career in Parliament, and afterwards as Governor-General of Canada, was marked by



THE EARL OF DERBY
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

striking success, is still a great lover of sport, as the members of his family have been for generations. On this point an interesting item of history may be revived. About two miles from New



THE QUADRANT, WITH ST. GEORGE'S HALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN, BARNES AND BELL

Brighton, a small watering place whose pier may be discerned from the landing stage, there stands Leasowe Castle, which it was recently proposed to convert to an hotel but for the decision of local magistrates, who refused a licence. This castle was supposed to have been built by the Earls of Derby in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of witnessing the races which were anciently held there. It was at these races that the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, rode his own horse and won the plate, which he presented to his god-child, the daughter of the Mayor of Chester.

Another conspicuous figure in the civic life of Liverpool is Sir A. B. Forwood, M.P., a well-known shipowner who, besides being the leader of the Conservative party, has taken part in all the movements for the development of his native city. It was during his Mayoralty in 1877-78 that steps were taken to form the Diocese of Liverpool and found the University College, now the centre wherein the youth who are to become Liverpool's future citizens worship at the shrine of learning.

The last few years have evidenced a strong desire on the part of Liverpudlians



MOLD STREET
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Fell

Liverpool attained the privilege of denominating its chief magistrate "Lord Mayor" only so far back as 1892, when Mr. Robert D. Holt, a member of an old firm of cotton brokers, succeeded to the chair. Mr. Holt, who for some years led the Liberal party in the city, is one of three brothers whose generous benefactions to the city have been so much appreciated, but much to the disappointment of his friends he refused Mr. Gladstone's offer of a baronetcy. Only recently his brother, Mr. Philip Holt, presented to the city a splendid park, whose value is represented by the sum of £80,000.

to erect buildings which shall be at once creditable to so important a commercial city and likewise useful in the highest degree. Another year must elapse before the new Post-office—the site of which, owned by Lord Derby, cost £250,000—is available for the transaction of the rapidly-increasing mass of business. One of the finest blocks of buildings consists of University College, the Walker Laboratories, the Tate Library, and the Royal Infirmary, all forming a memorable tribute to the architectural skill of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A. They are also an indication of the sense of duty shown by the men who, in building-up



THE UNIVERSITY
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell



THE FLAGS AT MIDDAY

their own fortunes, have not been unmindful of the axiom that wealth brings its duties as well as its privileges—the Rathbones, the Holts, the Brunners, the Muspratts, the Gilmours, the House of Derby, and Sir A. B. Walker, (the founder of an extensive brewing business.)

Few who come to Liverpool fail to pass from the Town Hall to the Exchange, on whose extensive flags the principal cotton business of the world has long been transacted. They naturally wonder why, in wet weather, in sunshine,

a reading public, but in the case of Liverpool the last ten years have produced a striking change. It would seem that there is a revival of the efforts of the great Roscoe in the early part of this century to make Liverpool a centre, not only of industry, but of learning and intellectual activity. Technical education has received special attention, consequent on the Government grants; but a still more noticeable turn towards the appreciation of literature has been gained by the extension of the library system—in



THE TOWN HALL.
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

or in storm, the merchants should congregate to "bear" and to "bull," when more inviting inside quarters might be secured. Old customs disappear, and so it happens that in future, instead of engaging *en plein air* in the cotton business in which Liverpool has held the foremost place for a hundred years, the merchants and the brokers will now enjoy the benefits of an Exchange of ample size and height, and certainly one not to be surpassed by any similar building in the country.

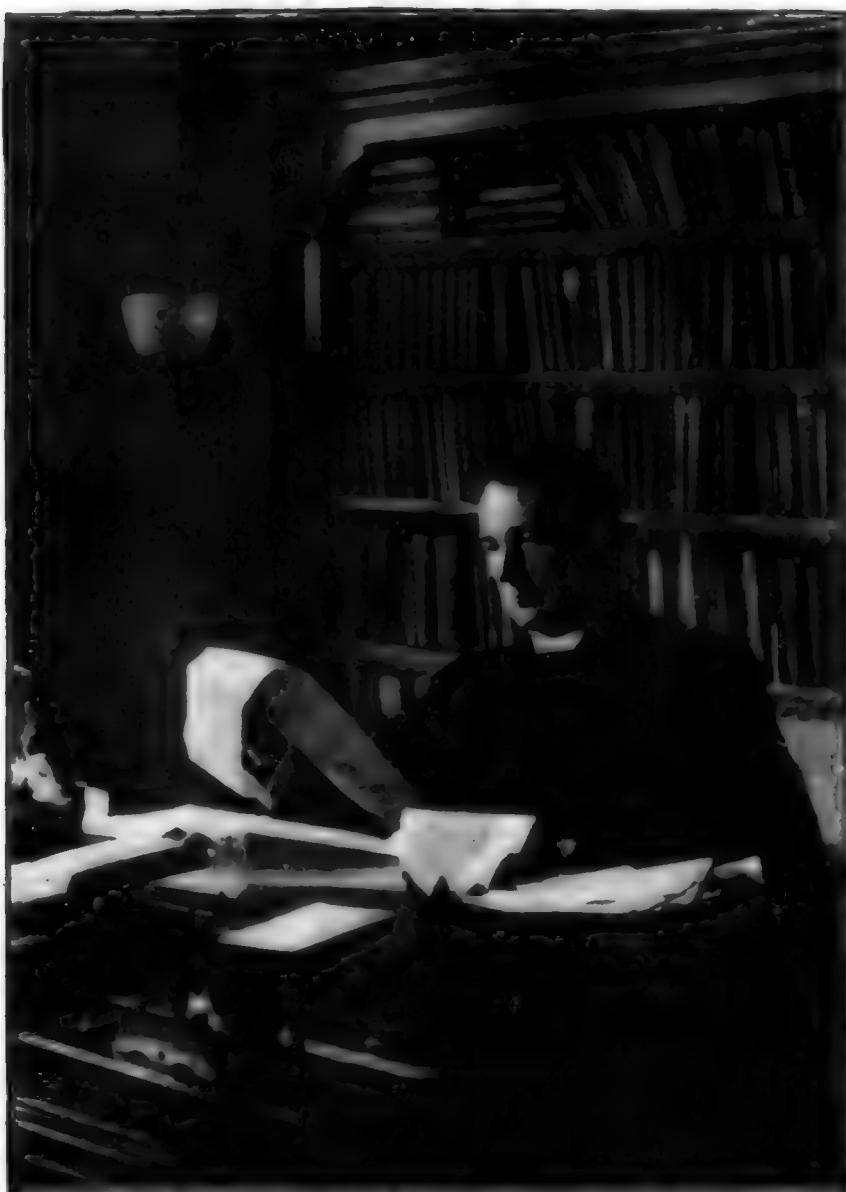
The unromantic pursuit of commerce is seldom conducive to the formation of

this respect Liverpool is still much behind Manchester—and the establishment of numerous literary and debating societies.

Then, again, in the last decade, the city has sent forth several of her sons to seek and to find a high place in literary circles. Chief in the world of fiction are Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren, while a rising novelist is Mr. William Tirebuck; poetry is worthily represented by William Watson and Richard le Gallienne; sound and graceful criticism has a disciple of great merit in Ashcroft Noble. During his early career in Liverpool Hall Caine



LORD STREET
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN, BARNES AND BELL.



IAN MACLAREN: THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.
From a photograph by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool

did much useful work for the *Liverpool Mercury*, and, as he admitted when writing a sketch, *My First Novel*, for a London monthly, he owed his start along the path of fiction to the wise counsel and genial influence of its late editor, John Lovell.

London has attracted Liverpool's chief litterateurs, but there still remains in residence, engaged in ministerial work and occupying his leisure by the issue of charming sketches of Scottish character, one whose name is now "familiar as household words" throughout the world — the Rev. John Watson, popularly known as Ian Maclaren. The handsome Presbyterian church in Sefton Park, to which he has been attached for some years, has been filled Sunday after Sunday

by a congregation of earnest and thinking men and women. Great as a writer, he is perhaps better known in the city of his adoption as the leading preacher.

No pen and ink sketch of some of the leading features of "The Second City of the Empire" would be complete without reference to one aspect of its teeming life which, to use a paradox, is both painful and pleasing. The writer knows no city, London not excepted, where the grim problem of poverty and progress is so cogently presented. A great portion of the population consists of what may be termed "floating," and in addition, there being an absence of great factories where even children may earn

a livelihood, there consequently exists a large mass of chronic poverty. The temporary antidote—a permanent one has yet to be discovered — has long lain in bold attempts to grapple with this condition of things by means of charitable and other alleviate agencies. The subscription lists reveal the fact that the most benevolent are the merchant princes. But over and above mere gifts is the work of the leading ladies of the city. So unostentatious are their labours, though withal so successful, and so modest are their inclinations that it is feared no writer will ever succeed in collecting the necessary material for writing, or the gallery of portraits for illustrating, what may truthfully be described as "the Good Samaritan Life of Liverpool."

From Generation to Generation.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF GRAFTON



THE FIRST DUKE



THE WIFE OF THE FIRST DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE



THE WIFE OF THE THIRD DUKE



THE THIRD DUKE



THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUKE



THE SIXTH DUKE

THE PRESENT DUKE OF GRAFTON
From a photograph by Clarke, Dury St. Edmunds

A Human Vivisection.

WRITTEN BY ARABELLA KENEALY. ILLUSTRATED BY W. BAYES.



I.

"**E**NTELEMEN," the Professor said, "we shall this evening carry our scientific investigations to their logical conclusion."

One of the quintet of students grouped about him thrust out

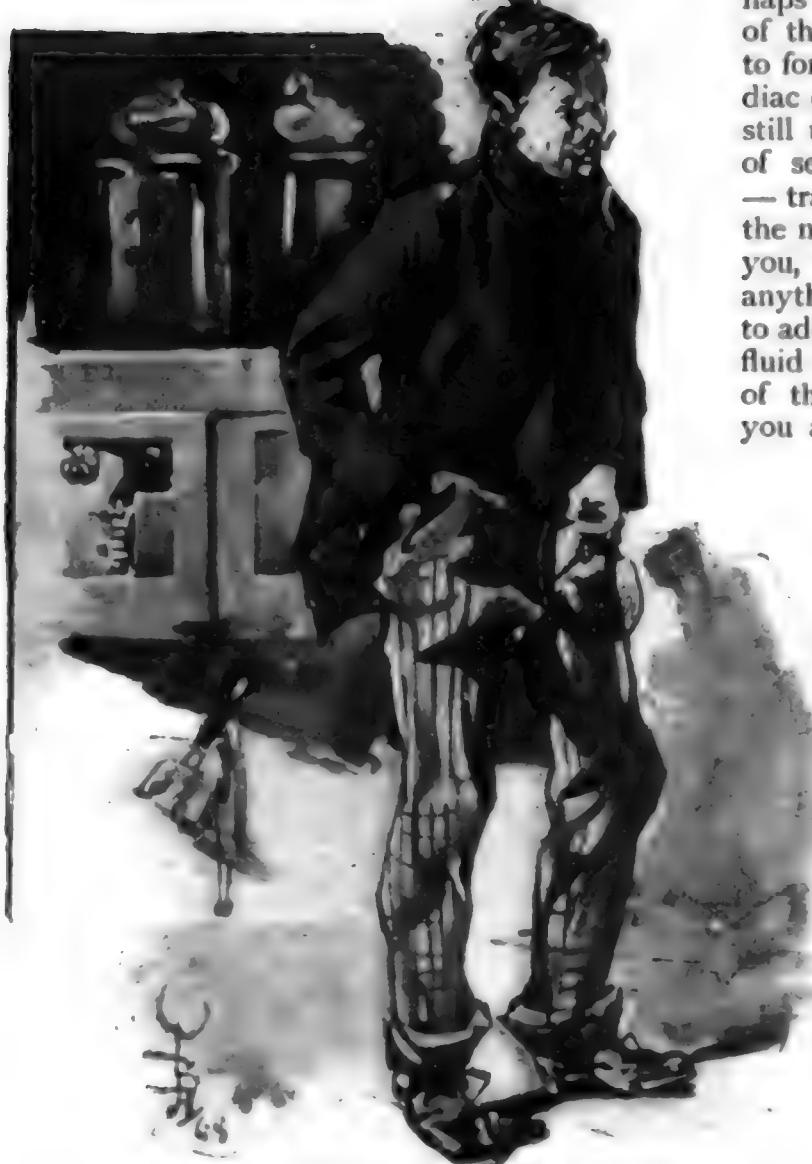
a hand with a gesture of protest. The others turned in his direction with white faces. The Professor bent the coldness of his eyes upon them in a scrutiny that froze.

"Still the traditions of the nursery," he said with icy tongue. "Gentlemen are you yet infants? Or are you men and scientists?"

The protestant dropped his hand with a sigh that was half a groan. The other men faced round like soldiers at the beat of drum.

"So so!" the Professor commented. "But a moment of weakness. When we first shave and nick our chins we are disposed to cast aside our razors, and go through life barbarians. Gentlemen, we have been barbarians too long. We have capered on the outer edge of knowledge—superstitious clowns, priest-ridden savages—too many centuries. A man is born—he lives—he dies. He was not—he is—he will not be. That is the life-history of any human entity. A combination in certain proportions of Carbon, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Oxygen, and sundry other unimportant elements—he is but a combination somewhat more complex than with the limited resources of our day we have so far been able to produce in the laboratory. That which we know as man is eternal, is indestructible by reason that the matter of which he is composed is indestructible. But it is in his ultimate principles of Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Nitrogen that he is everlasting. As man he is a mere ephemeral phenomenon—an eccentricity—a freak of nature.

From the scientific standpoint it cannot be of the smallest consequence to an individual compound, or to other compounds of the same *genus*, whether the elements of which he is composed exist in combination or dissociate. He may be equally happy—to use a conventional phrase—in the form of an atom of carbon as he may be in that of a Czar or a Prime Minister. Gentlemen, in the course of our researches, we do not hesitate to reduce to its constituent elements any other chemical or physiological compound. Shall we then hesitate because a particular compound chances to be more organically complex—for that reason more scientifically interesting? We merely free elements which sooner or later will be freed without our agency. And as 'sooner or later' are terms of no scientific significance, they are terms we are at liberty to disregard. Admitted that it is lawful—gentlemen, I am now arguing from the standpoint of vulgar prejudice—admitted that because man is a higher animal, therefore a lower one may properly be sacrificed to instruct, to amuse him, or to alleviate his pain, we come logically to the axiom that because one man is less educated, less useful, less physically perfect, or in some other way inferior to his fellows, he may properly be sacrificed for the instruction, amusement, or benefit of those fellows. Or, further, that out of a hundred men equally valuable, one may be sacrificed; or out of ten—or even five—a unit may be sacrificed. For my own part, gentlemen, I have no prejudices. If science have anything to learn, or medicine a theory to verify, I should unhesitatingly pronounce in favour of our selecting *not* the least useful, not the least perfect or highly-developed among us, but, on the contrary, the very finest and most admirable organisation at our disposal, in order that we may observe the phenomena of the human mechanism in their very best present-



"A MAN OF ESSENTIALLY DEGENERATE TYPE"

ment. However, in deference to such prejudices as still remain to you, I have procured for our investigations this evening a man of essentially degenerate type, mentally, morally, and physically. He comes of a line of kleptomaniacs and drunkards. He himself has spent the greater portion of his life in gaol. His conditions are such that he may well be content to be resolved into his elemental principles, where as a molecule of oxygen or carbon he will be harmless, painless, and without hunger or alcoholic thirst. In deference further to your sentiments—for I regret to see still in some of you a lack of that intellectual composure without which such researches as ours can never be prosecuted to a successful issue—I have ascertained that our subject has no ties of wife or child. Mr. Savage, there is brandy

behind you on the table. Perhaps it would be well for such of the class as have misgivings to fortify themselves. The cardiac centres are in some cases still under the reflex influence of sentiment and superstition—transmitted, doubtless, on the maternal side. No, I thank you, Stevens, I will not take anything. I may possibly need to address you again, and I find fluid liable to set up irritation of the larynx. Gentlemen, if you are ready, I will ring now for our subject."

The hand of the former protestant again went out in deprecation. He turned a sick face on the master.

"You can retire if you like, Savage. Only remember, in the present state of public feeling, you are bound to secrecy."

"No, no, I'll see it through," the other muttered.

The Professor pressed an electric push.

II.

A MAN entered. The Professor had kept strictly within

the truth as regarded the unfitness of the subject. Only a glance was needed to show this. He was stunted and crook-legged, with shelving brows and bullet head. His hair was stubbly, coarse, and short. His eyes were dull and bloodshot. He breathed heavily and reeked of beer. He seemed abashed as he shambled awkwardly into the clean electric light and into the presence of six black-coated, well-groomed "swells." He removed his greasy cap, and stood blinking his lids in the glare, fidgetting from foot to foot. Then, as the men remained staring at him, and the Professor proceeded to take off his coat and roll his shirt-sleeves up, he ventured huskily:

"Evenim', gemmen. At yer serviss, I'm sure gemmen."

One of the students started forward.

and crossing the room laid a hand on the Professor's arm.

"What does he think?" he demanded, hoarsely.

The Professor turned his eyes. The student shivered

"I should say," he said, "that in his case the cerebrum is incapable of any process worth the name."

The student's fingers shook and half fell away from their grasp.

"What has he had?" he asked irresolutely.

The Professor shifted his arm from beneath the other's hold, and took up his mackintosh overall.

"Pooh!" he said indifferently. "He's had a ten-pound note and six weeks drunken debauchery."

"Good Heavens!" the other broke out, and went back to his place.

The greasy cap in the hand of the "subject" began to fidget nervously. In the shadeless glare of the electric light you could have seen a rhythmic motion of his coarse nostrils as he swelled his chest for courage. He loosed a scarlet neckerchief about his throat. His bloodshot gaze was glued to the Professor. Some instinct had hold of him. He glanced at the door; but the door had been locked, and over it a wadded curtain dropped. Had he looked more closely he would have seen that there was not an inch of the room but was thickly padded. From a distant corner came the sound as of a creature sighing—now breathing in, now breathing out, as in some dire distress. But the cold light flooded everywhere, and there was no living creature whence the sighing issued. Yet you could hear it—now breathing in, now breathing out, in husky respiration. No gentle rhythm of lung, as in sleep or quiet waking, but the harsh mechanical succession of expiration on inspiration heard when the act of breathing no longer warms the chilling blood, but is the merest echo of a life's habit. The subject smothered an imprecation. He jerked his cap spasmodically in the direction of the sound.

"Summun breathin'?" he interrogated, with an ashen face. The Professor, bending above the last button on the front of his mackintosh overall, straightened himself and glanced round.

"Will somebody kindly switch off that respiratory pump?" he requested blandly, "we shall not need it yet."

One of the students walked over to the corner. His hands were busy for a moment. The last breath swelled, sobbed, and broke in a muffled shriek. Then all was silence.

It were as though a life had gone out. The subject took two instinctive steps across the room—away from the corner and nearer the Professor.

"By Gord!" he laughed nervously, "but's funny. I tuk it fur summun breathin'."

"Savage," the Professor said, and his tones were level as ice, "unlock the safe and take out cases one and five. It is not necessary to open them," he interjected in a lower voice.

III.

"Now then my man," addressing the subject, "strip to the shirt. And look sharp, there's a good fellow, it is getting late."

The subject shifted from one foot to the other. He laid his cap before him on the floor. He moistened his lips with a dry tongue. He coughed.

"No larks, gents," he said, "bargin was I wasn't to feel nothink uv it."

"Oh, that was the bargain was it?" the Professor commented, turning his back as he tested the sharpness of something against his nail.

"Yes. Ye see 'twas like this, gemmen. Chap come along and sez he, a clappin' me on the back, 'Want a ten-pun note, Bill?' sez he. 'Not me,' I sez 'I've jest got back from marryin' the Barnes Burdy Coots and me weskit's as full o' million-pun notes as a hegg's o' meat.' That was oney my larks, gents, cos I fencied 'is was larks, cos I've never in aw my life know'd ten-pun notes a floatin' round like butterflies. Then I sez seriouser, 'Wot's the resk?' cos I know'd, ov course, if ten-pun notes fly round like butterflies they ain't to be copped uthout burnin' yer fingers. 'Nare a resk at all,' sez he, 'oney gemman's eerd on yer in the pappers—a cove gets in the pappers wen he's onfortnet gents—an he wants to git a squint uv yer brain to write a book about.' 'Urt?' sez I. 'Not a bit uv it,' sez he. 'Done' sez I, cos I'd eerd uv gemmen mikerson' fellers and weighin' em and photygraphin' em and takin' their finger-ends in wax and uvver queer does. There ain't a tanner left uv that

there ten-pun note, but ere I'm, not wishin' to do a dirty trick by a gemman as is free wi' ten-pun notes and moughtn't forgit a cove wen it was all over——"

"That will do my man," the Professor interrupted. "Get out of your things and don't talk so much."

"Awright mister," the subject said, unbuttoning his coat, "though wy yer can't see a chap's brain as he stands gits me."

He was soon undressed and stood before them in a shirt which was fringed with a vandyke of rags at wrists and throat.

"Best linnings bein' got up, gents," he apologised, with a half-abashed impudence; "and I warn't togged out for kimp'ny."

He seemed to get courage as he talked. He looked from one to another, taking each into his confidence with a waggish ruffianism. He had an air of finding the "gemmen" affable, although they did not say much. He pulled his rags down over his misformed limbs. The Professor had been right in characterising him as a degenerate. His knees knocked. His shins bowed. His wrists bulged under the ragged edges of his sleeves.

In his shirt he was a mere caricature of a human thing.

"Get on that table," the Professor said, pointing a long, white finger.

The subject again showed signs of apprehension. His teeth chattered. He took up his red neckerchief and tied it dilatorily about his throat. It was cold standing there in his thin shirt. And he was gaining time.

"I wasn't to be 'urt," he appealed, hoarsely.

"You are going to have something to put you to sleep."

"Chloryform?" he demanded.

"Chloroform," the Professor assented.

"I say, you'll see me through it, mister," the other urged, in a slightly shuddering voice. "I ain't a-goin' to be 'urt?"

"I'll see you through it," the Professor promised.

The subject scrambled on to the table.

"A ten-pun note's a ten-pun note," he apostrophised, "but a cove's got to think uv 'is skin."

"The strap on the left," the Professor said. "If you cannot do it, Savage, I will go round and adjust it myself."

The man sat up. Shudders ran shivering through him.

"See 'ere, gents," he expostulated, "I ain't got to be strepped down like a 'orse. Giv ye me oath I won't kick."

Somebody brought a blanket and folded it over him. Somebody caught his hands and somebody caught his feet. A thong tugged tight across his chest. He could not move. His head seemed bound in iron. A cloth covered his eyes.

"It's all right, good fellow," somebody said in his ear. "Just breathe this in quietly and you'll be asleep in a few minutes."

"Wot makes their phizes all so yallery wite?" the subject questioned dreamily. It was rather pleasant. Warm hands were about him. The blanket comforted him. Something tasted sweet on his tongue. He felt no inclination to stir. He lay in a kind of stupor. Suddenly he heard a dog howl—a slow-drawn, agonised howl. A muffled voice—a voice which sounded a long way off—observed :

"It's that collie again. Stuff a beef lozenge down its throat. Or, I say, Savage, spike its medulla. We've had three days on it already. It isn't worth much."

He started struggling. He felt choked. The thong across his chest cut into him. Cords galled his wrists and ankles. Then a horrible and mortal terror fell upon him. But the power of escape had gone. His limbs and tongue were numbed.

"I say," he muttered brokenly, "see me through it, gents. I've been a bad un, but there's a gell as b'lieves in me, and mebbe—and mebbe a kid on its way."

In his stupor it seemed to him there was a sudden altercation. In that which sounded like a scuffle, the mask over his face was half torn off. There was a blaze of light. Men's voices were raised in dispute. Then he heard one man's voice speaking coldly on a sudden silence. It hissed in his hot ears. Again there was silence. He seemed to be breaking slowly out of a dream. He muttered, and tried to call. The light grew stronger; he was coming to. They hadn't lied, then; he was coming to, and he hadn't been hurt. What a funk he'd been in—the swells must have thought him a milk-liver! The hissing speech stopped. Then a long breath broke above him in a sob. How mortal queer it all was. He tried



"THE POWER OF ESCAPE HAD GONE"

to strike out. They were blinding the light away again; it was dark, and something clung tight over his face. Did he shout? He meant to shout, but could not hear himself. Where were they throwing him? He was dead, and they were throwing him into a pit. Down, down—the air whistled round him. Gord! what a cropper he'd come when he got to the bottom! All at once he ceased

from falling; he was swimming. The water was about him; it lapped him gently, gurgling in his ears. He couldn't get his breath; he choked. It scalded his throat and nostrils. He was drowning—drowning—drowned. Blackness and nothingness. Then he leapt like a wild thing in the air. Was this hell? God help him! He had never been bad enough for this—no one had ever been

bad enough for this! A searing flame had torn his body down from throat to waist. Hot hands were tearing out his vitals; molten metal scorched him. God help him! He'd been a bad 'un—yes, he'd been a bad 'un, s'elp 'im, but he'd never been bad enough for this. Let it be remembered for him that, with all his badness, he had never taken life.

IV.

THE lung-pump was at work. The husky rhythm of its gasp, swelling and emptying, sounded desolately. Something seemed to have gone wrong with it. It wheezed and laboured with a weird disquietude. The chest walls had been thrown back and the blood sponged up. Yet was there a constant ooze of weeping scarlet. The purple lungs listed and fell laboriously. The heart in its membranous bag pulsed faintly. The room was shrouded in a steamy vapour, which, pouring from a long-spouted kettle, made fantastic clouds. Through these the scientists showed intent and silent, with beads of moisture in their hair and beards. Only two remained—the Professor and the Chloroformist—three, if you count the Thing on the table. As the others one by one had stolen out the Professor had lightened upon their sickened faces out of his steel eyes.

"Dolts!" he had sneered, his fingers busy at their task; "they are always like this the first time. Did they think it would be pretty?"

The Chloroformist stood firm. The finger of his one hand lay on the congested wrist. With the other he lifted the eyelid from minute to minute with a desperate intentness, testing sensation on the surface of the eyeball. At intervals he dropt fresh chloroform into his cone.

"The body is niggardly of its secrets," the Professor said; "we shall not easily find what we seek."

He touched the heart apex roughly with the handle of his scalpel. It leapt and palpitated like a frightened thing.

"Reflex action still good," he murmured; "we ought to get at something."

He switched off the pump. The lungs sank slowly, then rose and sank again. Their rhythm became of the faintest.

You could scarcely see them lift. The blue wrist under the Chloroformist's hand grew bluer. The eyeballs blackened. The pulse waned.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered.

"Let him go!" he said aloud. "For God's sake let him go. I can't hold on much longer."

The Professor stared up frigidly. A sneer froze on his face.

Presently he switched the apparatus on again. The lungs filled harshly. They swelled with a sigh. The former breathing strength was gained. The skin got back its colour. The pulse waxed. The Chloroformist drew a hand across his eyes.

"What a devil he is," he mumbled. "But whatever happens I mustn't give up."

"Pulse still good?" the Professor queried.

"Good" was the laconic answer.

"The fellow's a bad specimen. I'm afraid we shall not make much out of him."

A minute later.

"Stop the chloroform!"

The Chloroformist looked him in the face.

"The chloroform. Stop the chloroform I say."

"What a devil he is," the Chloroformist mumbled again.

"Pooh!" the Professor said. "I thought you better seasoned."

The Chloroformist dropt fresh chloroform.

"I'm not enough seasoned for that," he retorted. The chloroform bottle was in his hand. As he re-stopped it, the Professor, with a rapid movement, jerked it from his grasp. It fell on the floor and smashed into a hundred pieces. An odour sweet, merciful and benign ascended on the air.

"So I relieve you of all responsibility," the Scientist said with a sardonic laugh. The Chloroformist stared, choked and stuttered. Then he burst weakly into a passion of tears.

"Why Grimston," the Professor said, "what a fool you're making of yourself. Now we shall test the heart's action under the influence of pain."

V.

THE Professor buttoned his coat about him as he came briskly down the steps.

"Cool night," he commented. "I should say the mercury stands below thirty."

The man behind him shuddered. His hands shook as with rigorous cold when he turned into the street. Yet his coat was flung wide, and he took off his hat and held a white face to the air. He reeked of brandy.

A young woman huddling on a doorstep opposite crept across the road.

"It must a' bin 'ere," she said half to herself.

Then she turned up a face that showed frigid and pinched under the gas-lamp.

"'Xcuse me, gents," she faltered through her chattering teeth, "but it's 'alf-past three, and are you quite done wi' my Bill?"

The man with the sick face clutched a railing. The Professor moved a step in front of him. He stood a moment scanning the shivering creature.

"I am afraid we have not the pleasure of your Bill's acquaintance," he said banteringly.

The girl cried out. Her lips dragged at the corners.

"Ain't you seen 'im?" she stammered. "He said he was comin' 'ereabouts to some gents. I've been watchin' the light this two hours, thinkin' 'twas 'ere."

After a pause, during which she stared round like one stunned, "Ain't you seen 'im?" she repeated. "He's a big-built,



"HAVE YOU SEEN MY BILL?"

fine-lookin' seller, sir—my Bill. Dark eyes and a red neckcher."

"Ah!" the Professor said, "you'll find he has gone home. It is nearly four o'clock."

The girl broke out in a frantic fit of sobbing. "He's not gone 'ome. I'm

'fraid he's got into mischief agen, and got took. And he promised me he wouldn't never any more."

The Professor shook his head. "Most men are liars, my good woman," he said smoothly. "Good night!"

But the girl had rushed sobbing away.

The Professor caught his companion's arm. "Come, come, Grimston!" he said, sharply, "pull yourself together! You know as well as I do it is merely a question of being the first time."

FAILURE.

We have not done so very well,
We, who were so wise,
If, after all, the shadow lies
Upon our hearts, and in our eyes.
We somehow missed, 'twixt Heaven and Hell,
The brighter tale there was to tell—
We, who were so wise !

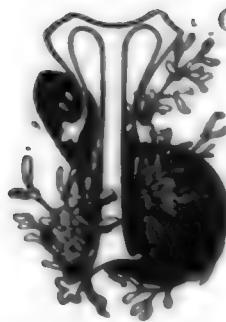
We did not climb so very far,
We, who were so strong.
Full soon we sighed, "The road is long ;
Give over ; hush the comrade song ;
And leave our happiness afar
Above our heads, a virgin star"—
We, who were so strong !

We did not dare much, or achieve,
We, who were so great.
Had we not faith to strive and wait?
Had we not hearts to conquer Fate?
Nay, let us cease ; depart ; and leave
The unattained. But shall we grieve?
We, who were so great ?

WILLIAM MUDFORD.

King in Borneo.

BY EDWARD JOHN HART



O a land where the cocoanut palms spring in myriads into the tropic sky and flourish as luxuriantly in the recesses of the interior as near the water's edge, where one finds the coast in many places formed of league-long stretches of mangrove and nipa growing on coral and above a shallow sea, where crocodiles bask on the river shoals and "big game" stalk through the jungle, and where sultans of Arab lineage dispense justice from broad verandahed "palaces" built of nebong palms with *attap* roof and sides, perched on piles fourteen feet above the ground—to the land of North Borneo, in a word, and the island regions adjacent, there came some twenty-five years ago an unknown young Scotsman who, when he left it nine or ten years later, had been mainly instrumental in enriching the British race with a territory more than twice the size of Denmark.

William Clark Cowie and the men associated with him were merchant adventurers of a sixteenth century type, going about their perilous and exciting trade as if it was a mere ordinary business. His experiences from the very first were marked by a strong Elizabethan flavour, for they commenced by his risking his life, in company with four other men, by embarking, on April 18th, 1870,

at Glasgow, for Singapore, on a miniature vessel absolutely undermanned and practically unequipped for the voyage. The *Argyle* was an iron, schooner-rigged, screw steamer of fourteen tons, nearly all her internal space consisting of cabins. A Captain Hall commanded and owned the vessel, having bought her to save his passage. Failing to get a crew to ship for such a voyage in such a craft, he enlisted the four daring youngsters, not one of whom had any practical knowledge of seamanship. Cowie was an engineer by profession, and, in common with the rest, learnt to box the compass sooner than might be imagined, for it at once resolved itself into a question of learn seamanship or drown, and before the conclusion of the voyage, which occupied no less than five months, the four amateurs had become as expert sailor-men as ever manned a capstan.

With the exception of four days' steaming the whole

voyage was done under canvas, and at Aden they unshipped the propeller that they might sail the better. Before the amateur sailors could get their sea legs, they were hove to for eight days in a frightful gale off the coast of Ireland, and this gave them such a strong, if temporary, distaste for the sea that it was unanimously resolved to seek rest and shelter in the nearest port, Killybeg. They were at once suspected of coming there to aid the escape of Stevens, the Fenian "head centre," who was supposed to be in the locality, for the smallness of their vessel



MR. W. C. COWIE
From a photograph by S. Walery

caused the announcement of their destination to be regarded as apocryphal, and their movements were closely watched by a revenue cutter.

Then followed an interminable voyage to Port Said, and then the passage of the Canal, but recently opened for traffic. The *Argyle* distinguished herself by going over the fluke of a dredger's anchor, ripping a hole fourteen feet long in her bottom, and going down in Lake Timsa. The Canal authorities assisted the crew to raise and repair the vessel, and with the most of their stores water-spoilt they crawled on down to Aden. This crawling process was soon reversed with a vengeance, for the *Argyle* left Aden in the month of August, in the height of the South-West Monsoon, when not another sailing craft in the port would look at it, and the weather may be gauged from the fact that she covered the distance from Aden to the entrance of the Straits of Malacca in three weeks, simply tearing along with a gale behind her the whole way. Another three weeks were consumed in getting up to Singapore, and during this time the adventurers endured a sufficiently miserable experience. For the last five weeks all hands had to subsist on rice and treacle. They had no spirits, tea, or coffee, tobacco, or matches, this last deprivation necessitating the galley fire being kept up night and day. Once an over-weary watcher let it die out, and it was only after a world of trouble, by means of a cartridge, an old fowling piece, and some jute that they succeeded in lighting it again.

At Singapore the *Argyle* was sold to the Sultan of the Rhio and Linga Archipelago, who in preference to all his other territories, elected to live on a small island just opposite Singapore. Mr. Cowie found his occupation gone, till the *Argyle*'s first trip after changing hands, when one of the boiler tubes burst and the young engineer was called in to repair it. The Sultan was so pleased with him that he at once recruited him for his service, making him Admiral of his fleet, which, in addition to the *Argyle*, consisted of several yachts like revenue cutters, and innumerable *prahus* or native boats. The position of Admiral was congenial while the duties were not devoid of excitement. These were to collect, and sometimes enforce payment of revenue from the chiefs tributary to

the Sultan, and to repress, as far as possible, the piracy which was then the curse of that quarter of the East.

Sailing over those balmy summer seas, visiting unexplored islands, meeting and learning the customs of natives who had never before come in contact with a European—with of course, the risk thrown in of being shot or stabbed on sight—and occasionally indulging in short sharp fights with the pluckiest race of sea-rovers that ever cut a throat, the life of the young Scotsman was diversified and agreeable enough. But in time, Mr. Cowie wisely concluded that the proud position of Admiral of an Eastern fleet was more onerous than lucrative, besides being dependent upon the fortunes of war or the whim of a monarch. So he sought, and obtained the Sultan's permission to explore his territory in Sumatra for coal. This was duly found, though the difficulties of transport ultimately rendered it unmarketable, but the expedition was accompanied by at least one noteworthy incident. The explorer and his party, consisting of 100 natives, ascended one of the rivers in thirty *prahus*, and on reaching the spot where the coal seam was afterwards discovered, erected hurriedly a house to shelter the whole party and its live stock. After the manner of the country, the house was perched on piles fourteen feet high, and put together without nails, their place being supplied by lashings, and when all the inmates had ascended and drawn the ladder up after them, the roughly-built structure was top-heavy. During the night a tiger came out of the jungle, and made a spring at some fowls, hanging from a projecting beam, and striking this with his whole weight, he started the rickety building, which thereupon collapsed. A few nights afterwards Mr. Cowie shot a magnificent tiger, apparently about to repeat the same performance, and during the trip bagged another tiger, a rhinoceros, and a crocodile twenty-five feet long.

On his return to Singapore, he resigned his post of Admiral, and entered into partnership with an eastern merchant named Schomburgk, who hailed from Hamburg, and whose uncle, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Schomburgk had originally settled that Venezuelan boundary over which we have lately been disputing. He was given charge

of the *Far East*, a screw steamer of 150 tons, to trade to Borneo, and the Sulu Archipelago, his command being the first trading steamer that ever visited Northern Borneo. Little enough was known of that territory at the time. It was partly owned by the Sultan of Brunei and partly by the Sultan of Sulu, but the Sulus were largely in possession. It consisted of lofty mountains, countless miles of virgin forest, and vast areas of swamp. Its coast was studded with primitive native towns and settlements in which a majority of the houses and huts rose out of the shallows on piles, and with the constant movement of the quaintly shaped craft of the East, and the going and coming of its gaudily decorated people, made an *ensemble* of picturesqueness and colour.

On his way to the Bornean coast, the commander of the *Far East* called in at Labuan, and was informed by the Governor, Sir Hugh Low, that the Spaniards were blockading the Sulu Archipelago. They had long been anxious to add the island of Sulu to their colony in the Phillipines, and had now opened a campaign which dragged on after the accustomed manner of Spanish wars. The Sulus are staunch Moslems, and one among the many reasons that cause them, in common with other native races, to detest the Spanish rule is that every expedition is accompanied by several priests, who spare no effort to proselytise. The Sulus were notorious pirates. The carrying trade of the islands is largely in their hands, and their other chief employment is fishing for mother-of-pearl shell.

The white portion of the crew of the *Far East*, consisting of the commander and a Scotch mate, heard of the war with a feeling of something like joy. Here was a prospect of lucrative trade, and of excitement dear to the hearts of the adventurous, and so they quickly determined to run the blockade. Arrived off the port of Tianggi in the island of Sulu, and seeing no sign of the Spaniards or of the blockade being in any way made effective, they went in and sold the cargo for a magnificent equivalent in mother-of-pearl shell. Just as the *Far East* had commenced taking this cargo on board, in came two gunboats and overhauled her, the Spaniards threatening to confiscate the ship and cast captain and crew

into prison. Mr. Cowie successfully "bluffed" the Spanish officers, however, by showing them the ship's papers, which were in a cheerful jumble of Malay and Dutch, while the vessel was under the Malay flag, partly owned by a Hamburger and partly navigated by a Scotch mate with an English master's certificate. Evidently fearing that too many nationalities and interests were concerned to make her a safe ship to meddle with the Spaniards gave her two hours to take on board fuel and water and to clear out.

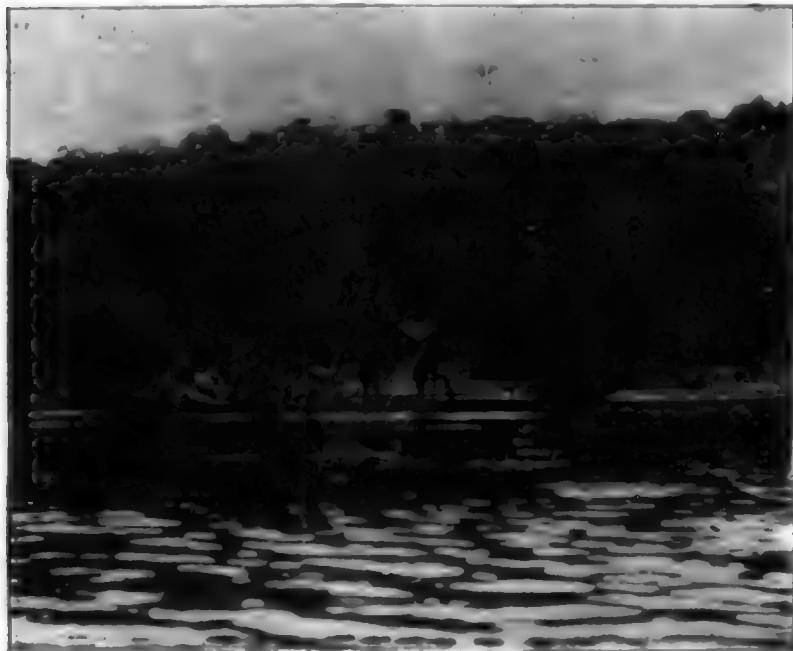
Without Spanish permission, she also loaded as much pearl-shell as could be safely concealed in the bottoms of the watering-boats, and then, to all appearances, stood out to sea; but, in reality, she soon put about, and went up a mangrove-shrouded creek, where she lay concealed till night. Then, having learnt that the gunboats had started on another patrol, she returned to Tianggi with her lights veiled, whipped the balance of the cargo on board, and had steamed out beyond the three-league limit before the day broke.

But this was not the last adventure of the trip. The *Far East* stopped at Sampanmangio, the northernmost point of Borneo, to take in firewood; and while there was surprised and afterwards chased by a fleet of a hundred piratical *prahus*. They followed the vessel far and fast; and as the adventurers had sold all their shot and shell to the Sulus, they were driven to cut up chains into short lengths for projectiles, and only prevented their pursuers from overhauling them by a well-directed fire from the ship's breech-loading six-pounders.

The financial results of this venture were so satisfactory that the firm established trading-stations in Borneo and Sulu, and fixed their head-quarters at Sandakan, the present capital of British North Borneo. At the time of which I am speaking, Mr. Cowie was the only European trader who could land there without risking his head. Not long afterwards, Captain Ross, of the *Cleator*, joined the firm, which increased its fleet and extended its sphere of operations under the title of "The Labuan Trading Company"—the pioneer *de facto* trading company in Borneo, and the forerunner of the British North Borneo Company.

The blockade of Sulu lasted three years, and the Labuan Trading Company's vessels continually ran the

blockade. They were never once caught, owing to the superior astuteness of their officers and the strong regard in which the natives held Mr. Cowie; for the Spanish cruisers captured four other vessels that tried to follow their example.



A NATIVE BOAT

The war seemed likely to last an eternity; and it was not until thirty-two vessels and eight thousand troops—with the usual following of priests—were sent down from Manilla, that the Spaniards succeeded in capturing Tianggi (which they rechristened Jolo) with a loss of two thousand killed.

At length several European Powers declined to have their trade further interfered with, and put pressure on Spain to declare the blockade at an end. After it was raised, the Spanish colonial authorities, enraged at the immunity from capture hitherto enjoyed by the Labuan Company's ships, illegally seized one of them—the *Tony*, commanded by a Prussian named Sachsze—and so maltreated the captain, whom they imprisoned along with his crew, that he died a month after his release, which, together with that of the crew, the restoration of the vessel, and the payment of an indemnity, had been peremptorily demanded by Great Britain.

About the islands it was rumoured that Sachsze died from the effects of a slow poison administered to him in the prison at Manilla, and though the truth of it was not established, his death was certainly a mystery that baffled the doctors.

Considered as a fighting animal, the Sulu man, or woman, can hardly be excelled, and though the limits of space forbid details, one instance can be briefly given as evidence of their unconquerable courage, fierceness, and resource.

A Sulu woman with her own hands killed twelve Spanish soldiers, as they were marching by night across the Island of Patian. Stationing herself in a rocky defile—so narrow as only to allow one to pass at a time, and at a spot where the track dropped abruptly, compelling the soldiers to jump some ten feet—she killed each man as he alighted with her *barong*—the short, heavy, sharp sword of the Sulus—and that so effectually, that for a time no alarm was given. Captured and securely handcuffed, she was put

on board a gunboat for conveyance to Jolo, but while off the coast, sprang overboard and swam ashore in her irons, and thus manacled and dripping from the sea, presented herself before the Sultan and Mr. Cowie, who happened at the time to be his guest.

Mr. Cowie must have possessed a singular faculty for ingratiating himself with the natives. Not only was he free of the whole Sultanate of Sulu, and hailed as a friend in places where no other European could land without taking his life in his hands—the Spaniards, even after their conquest, not daring to stir a foot beyond their palisaded forts—but he was on equally good terms with the Sultan and people of Brunei or Borneo, the latter having ceded him the Peninsula of Muara, on the north-east coast, with rights of life and death over all its people. Here he was virtually a king; but, having discovered and developed some excellent coal mines, he sold Muara to Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, with whose territory it is now incorporated.

On the mainland of North Borneo one comes across an extraordinary multiplicity of races, including the Booloodoopies, who are the true aborigines of

Borneo; the Bajaus, or Sea Gypsies; the Eraans, the Datos, the Doompas, the Dusuns, or Sundyaks; which, again, are sub-divided into the Roongas, Kooroories, Umpoolooms, Saga Sagas, Tunbunwhas, Tingaras, Rumanows, and many others, the spelling of whose names even is very uncertain, and of whom the illustrations present a few specimens. Then, in addition, one meets with a few Dyaks, innumerable Malays, Sulus, Bugis, Illanuns, and the Balignini. These two last-mentioned races have, as pirates, earned for themselves a world-wide notoriety, and in their last pirate raid along the Bornean coasts in 1879, the Balignini are known to have carried off or killed sixty-five people, while the Illanuns have long made it their practice to murder all on board any boat they captured. Yet the Europeans who have met the Sulus, Illanuns, &c., when not on piracy bent, speak of them as well-

torturing slaves and prisoners under the influence of religious superstition. Some of them devote their energies to accumulating and hoarding old jars, while others reckon their wealth in brass ware and brass ornaments; and as for occupations, they cover the ground from piracy, seamanship, fishing, and hunting, to manufacture, agriculture, and the collection of jungle produce, including edible birds' nests. These are obtained from vast caves, often pitch dark and hundreds of feet in height, on the wet and slippery sides of which the collectors climb; or, by the aid of rattan slings, depend from the roof like flies, and gather the nests at the imminent risk of life and limb.

The Labuan Trading Company was eventually wound up, but Mr. Cowie continued the same business on a reduced scale. He shared his interest in the steamer *Far East*, etc., with the



THE EX-SULTAN OF SULU AND SUITE

behaved, courteous, intelligent, and even companionable, and many a retired pirate has settled down in the Borneo Company's territory, and died in the odour of sanctity.

Some of the peoples are Mohammedans, and some are pagans pure and simple. Some have a fondness for taking heads as trophies, and others for

Sultan of Sulu, and in a chartered vessel, the *Barbara Taylor*, visited the Celebes and Maccassar, and finally loaded her at Sandakan for China. There can be no doubt that had he at this time, or before, possessed a sufficiently strong financial backing he could have followed the example of the first Rajah Brooke and carved British North



A GROVE OF COCOA-NUT PALMS

Borneo into a kingdom for himself. The Sultan of Brunei had already ceded him territory, while he of Sulu, who actually held the country, was the young merchant adventurer's partner, and would gladly have ceded him the land to save it from falling into the hands of the Spaniards. But the romantic dream of an independent Kingdom, even if ever entertained, was abandoned, and while in Hong Kong, the Sultan of Sulu's partner was surprised by a demand being sprung upon him for a royalty on his cargo from Sandakan, on the grounds that the territory of North Borneo had been ceded by the Sultan of Brunei to a former American Consul at his Court, and that the latter had sold his rights to an American Company.

The claim for royalty was successfully resisted, but led to matters of great importance, the details of which, though interesting in a Blue Book, would prove but dull reading in a Magazine. Opposing claims and counter claims, dating back as far as 1773, now came to the surface. Sultans and chiefs had ceded territory which they did not possess, to individuals and corporations who had never exercised their doubtful rights. Vast tracts of land had been

given and transferred (on paper) to people who wisely preferred a whole skin to making a closer acquaintance with their domains. Since 1773, no serious attempts had been made to colonise or establish trading stations in North Borneo till the Labuan Trading Company came along, and these claims were only resurrected when evidence of its success was forthcoming. Even when the claims and cessions were narrowed down to the ownership of Messrs. Dent and Co. and Baron Overbeck, the treaties were not worth much more than the paper on which they were written. But Mr. Cowie saw that they could be made of value, and as his aid was indispensable, an amalgamation of interests took place, which eventually blossomed into the British North Borneo Company.

The Sultan of Brunei's ratification of the cession was easily obtained. The Sultan of Sulu, who was in possession, made it almost a personal matter between him and his partner, ceding his rights ostensibly for an annual payment of 5,000 dollars, but really to baulk the Spaniards.

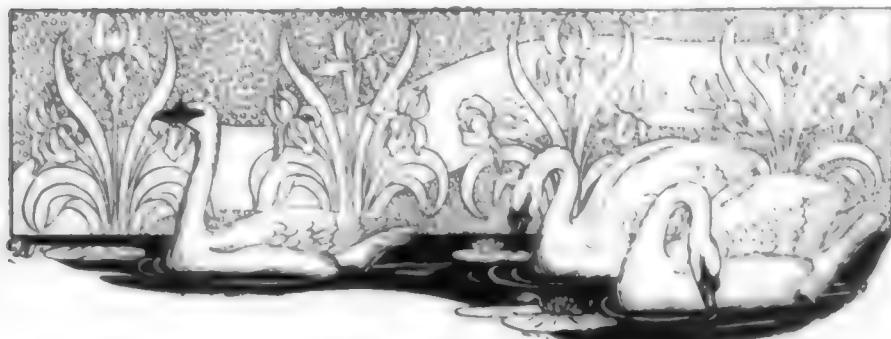
The new flag was run up at Sandakan, and the Resident of the new Com-

pany took up his abode in the house that had hitherto been the station of the Labuan Trading Company. But his rule suffered a temporary eclipse. Certain promises had not been kept either with Mr. Cowie or the Sultan of Sulu, and the latter sent his word throughout the land, and down came the sign of the new sovereignty at Sandakan, while the Sulu flag was hoisted in its stead. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alfred Dent then paid a flying visit to Borneo from China, and begged Mr. Cowie to intercede with the Sultan, who refused to see Dent, but was later on persuaded by his partner to restore the *status quo*.

Pirates are no respecters of even chartered companies, and one of Mr. Cowie's last adventures in Bornean waters was a brush with them outside Sandakan harbour. He had just come in in the *Far East*, when he was informed that a fleet of piratical *prahus* had a little while before gone seaward, after raiding the settlement, burning the waterside dwellings and a fishing boat, from which they had carried off two men. The *Far East* was put about in pursuit, and soon overhauled the pirate fleet, which immediately dispersed in all directions. One *prahu* was run aground on a shoal, whereupon its crew at once jumped overboard in water almost up to their necks, and contrived, while making the air resound with their shouts of defiance, to keep up a hot musketry fire on a boat's crew from the

steamer, advancing to attack them. Mr. Cowie and his men imitated the pirate's tactics, and a desperate, though peculiar, water fight went on for some time. In the meanwhile the steamer kept up a lively bombardment, and at last a shot from its nine-pounder carried away the uplifted arm of the pirate leader, whereupon his men broke and fled ashore to the jungle. Having obtained reinforcements, Mr. Cowie landed and proceeded in two parties to beat the bush for the fugitives. He came upon them unawares, killed or captured all that remained of the gang, and was so fortunate as to rescue alive the two prisoners who had been seized by the pirates on the previous day.

It is probably given to few men in pursuit of occupations divorced from politics and state services, and not necessarily connected with national interests, to meet with such strange and stirring experiences as came in Mr. Cowie's way. To pioneer into unexplored lands and mix with primitive races notorious for their fierceness and hostility to strangers, and to enter into most intimate relations of friendship and trade with their rulers and chiefs, is a romance of adventure granted to but few careers. And it is rarer still to see as the crown and result of that series of adventures, the creation and building up of a state, providing yet one more field of enterprise, and forming yet one more outpost, of a world-embracing Empire.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The medal for the best story sent in for competition is this month awarded to Miss E. E. Ibbetson, 1, Starcross Villas, Oldfield Park, Bath; that for the poem to Miss Mary McDonald, Pistyl-y-Llyn, Llancuthuly, R.S.O., South Wales. The best drawing sent in was the "Left Off" of Mr. S. R. Blyth, 14, Downshire Hill, Hampstead. The best photograph was considered to be the "Busy Moments" of Mr. W. Taylor, 268, Ladbroke Grove, W., but it was closely run by the "Old Lych Gate" of Mr. B. Karleese, which is commended, and, along with two others, here reproduced.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

MAY-DAY.

(FOR A RUSTIC LUTE.)

By MARY McDONALD, *Pistyl-y-Llyn, Llancuthuly, R.S.O., South Wales.*

HUM, merry bees! sing, happy larks and thrushes,
A morning song!
Murmur among the rushes
With joy, as swiftly there, O brook, you speed along.

Waken, my love! arise, and come a-maying,
While dews are wet!
Green-golden sunbeams playing,
Through leafy boughs are straying;
The scent of apple-blossom lingers yet.

Come, dance and play, till Angelus soft calling,
From solemn towers,
Tells us Heaven's peace is falling
O'er grey-walled towns, spring fields, and woodland bowers.

The Best Short Story.

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

BY ELLA EDITH IBBETSON, *1, Starcross Villas, Oldfield Park, Bath.*

PHILIP VINCENT was a man of forty, rich and handsome. He was also single, and therefore considered a great prize in the matrimonial market. His heart, however, had hitherto remained untouched by any of the women who had crossed his path. But his fate overtook him at last.

It was a glorious day in early summer. The air was fragrant with the scent of newly-cut grass, and the hedges were bright with flowers. Philip was strolling through an unfrequented lane, when suddenly there broke upon his ear a fresh, young voice trilling out a song, as bright and joyous as that of the lark's overhead, and a girl lightly vaulted over a gate close beside him, and raced down the lane, followed by a large Newfoundland dog. Her little feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as, unconscious of anyone's presence, she sped along. Her lovely face was radiant with pure, unalloyed, youthful happiness, and her jet black hair was crowned with a wreath of pink wild roses, the soft petals resting on her snow-white brow. With throbbing pulses and a heart stirred by strange, new emotions, Philip stood for some moments gazing after the quickly retreating figure. Then he started to follow, but the gay voice had already died away in the distance, and the girl was lost to sight. All the enquiries he instituted as to her identity proved fruitless, and he returned to his home in the city, his heart filled by that fleeting vision.

Two or three years passed away, and Philip was still faithful to the love awakened within him on that bright June day. He was ever hopeful he would again meet his beautiful unknown, and his expectations were realised, but in a manner he dreamed not of.

He was on a walking tour in the north, when one day he chanced to pass through a small village. Struck with the festive air of the place, he inquired the cause, and learned it was the wedding day of the squire's daughter.

Impelled by some strange feeling, he entered the little ivy-clad church where the ceremony was being solemnised. Wondering at his own temerity, he pushed his way through the crowd to obtain a glimpse of the parties. His

eyes fell on the fair young bride, and with a terrible throb of anguish, he recognised his lost love. A fine, handsome man was kneeling beside the girl, whose happy tears fell softly on her bridal robe. Philip noted how the youthful face he remembered so well had matured and ripened, then mechanically his eyes wandered to the dark hair where in his first meeting had rested the sweet, wild roses. Alas for him! in their place was a chaplet of orange blossoms. With a stifled moan he staggered from the church.

* * *

Philip Vincent lay dying. In rescuing a boy from under the hoofs of a runaway horse, he met the doom he had averted from the child. In an unconscious condition he had been carried into a house near at hand, with but a few hours of life left to him. Towards evening his heavy eyes unclosed, and he saw a woman bending over him. Her features seemed strangely familiar to his dimmed sight, and he strove hard to throw off the weight that oppressed his clouded brain. All at once the bewildered feeling left him, and he knew he was gazing on the face he loved most on earth. But what a change! The exquisite features were sad and pinched-looking, the glorious eyes heavy and tear-stained, the dark hair thickly sprinkled with white; and instead of the bright garlands of yore, was the white cap of widowhood. But she spoke, and he strove to listen.

"You saved my child's life; how can I ever thank you?"

An ineffable smile crossed his lips at her words. His love had not all been in vain, for he had been of use to her! He was very near the end now, and a great longing stole into his heart.

"Yes; at the loss of your own life, my boy is safe," she continued, tearfully. "Is there any way in which I can show my gratitude?"

He raised his fast-glazing eyes once more to her's. "Yes: kiss me!" he murmured feebly.

A moment of hesitation: then, as she noticed the yearning in the dying man's face, she stooped and pressed her lips on his. In that kiss Philip Vincent's soul winged its flight to the great Spiritland.

The Best Photograph.



BUSY MOMENTS: MEDAL

By W. TAYLOR, 268, Ladbroke Grove, W.



THE OLD LYCH GATE: COMMENDED

By B. KARLEESE *Handsworth, Staffs.*



"'I'M GOING A-MILKING! SIR,' SHE SAID": COMMENDED
By Miss T. PYMAN, *West Hartlepool*



MARSHY MEADOWS: COMMENDED
By J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*

The Best Drawing.



LEFT OFF
By SPENCER R. BLYTH, *Hampstead*



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

MAJOR RAYMOND'S MÉSALLIANCE.

MAJOR RAYMOND'S mésalliance was a blow to his relatives, and an outrage on those of his friends who were spinsters. After twenty years' service, mostly in India, Major Raymond was left a legacy. It was not very large, but it was ample for a man who had spent his life in the genteel poverty of "a hundred a year and his pay." On receiving this windfall the Major resigned and returned to England. His property lay about ten miles from Winterbury—a large cathedral city which had nothing in it or about it to recommend it above any cathedral city. Its society, of course, included its bishop, and its major and minor clergy, with their wives and families, not to speak of the officers of the garrison and their incumbrances. The number of well-dressed girls possessing attractive faces and figures, great loyalty to the Royal Family in politics, and unswerving orthodoxy in Ritual, to be met at all social functions can hardly be claimed as a special feature, considering that the genus is incidental to cathedral life. Major Raymond went to Winterbury immediately after his return to England and stayed there longer than he had intended because the mills of British Law, following a high precedent, grind slowly if they grind exceeding small. Meantime the Major put up at the best hotel in the place and made the acquaintance of Winnie Mostyn.

Winnie was one of the "young ladies" in the buffet. She was a fair-haired,

blue-eyed girl of eighteen or nineteen, rather handsome, very gentle mannered, very sensitive, very easily pleased and very easily hurt. She was not, therefore, specially suited for the buffet of the Royal. How she came there—but that doesn't matter here.

After disposing of his business with his lawyer in the morning, Major Raymond used to drop in to Winnie's sanctum—she had a little counter all to herself—and have something to wash down his lunch. He liked Winnie from the first. The girl kept her own place and made others do the same. Very soon the Major respected as well as liked her. Her position was often full of difficulty. Her hours were disgraceful. Altogether, her work would have been arduous to a healthy navvy.

But Winnie never grumbled; never seemed to think it strange that all the day long, all the year round, she must work on—on—and the strong men who lolled in her bar had nothing better to do than smoke and drink—and be rude to her when out of humour. Of course they were not always rude. Indeed she had a little band of admirers who brought her flowers—which sometimes must have cost them a number of pence—and posed as philanthropists for the rest of the day.

It could not, of course, be expected that when these gentlemen met with reverses in business, social functions, cards, or on the turf that they would not dump their grievances on little blue-eyes. It was so easy—so satisfying—and so

safe. Once a brawny seafaring man wanted to clear out the bar, only the girl restrained him—but that does not concern the story either.

Major Raymond began to pity Winnie, and Winnie began to count the hours of each day till lunch time. And when the Major, whose moustache was as white as the Commander-in-Chief's, and whose complexion was leathern, dropped in, her blue eyes beamed with happiness. The girl forgot she was tired; her laugh became genuine.

One afternoon her friend had a cup of tea from her—her own tea; he had not to pay for it. That was a great day. She did not mind the local loafers that evening. She hardly heard their coarse jests.

Then the greatest day of all came. It was brought about accidentally by some harmless chaff about a new dress and a drive. The drive was conceivable, but when the dress was mentioned—and mentioned in a way which, if not serious, presented an excellent imitation of sincerity—Winnie drew back. She could not bear that her friend should think her mean. But as the Major was never at ease when he had passed his word, be it in jest or earnest, until his promise was fulfilled, the dress was eventually bought, after much disputation, and the drive came off without remonstrance.

Winnie was rather frightened at first, and was not sure that it was quite right. Still, it was a great thing to be taken for a drive by an army officer and a real gentleman like Major Raymond. A young woman in the outer bar—whom the Major called the "Yellow Girl," owing to her dyed hair—was furiously jealous as Winnie passed out for her half-holiday of an hour and a quarter.

The drive was a glorious success—all but its closing scene. Winnie, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked from the fresh air and the happiness of the short respite, was returning to her duties. The Yellow Girl called to her as she passed, and whispered something.

Winnie started suddenly, turned crimson, and burst into tears. The yellow savage laughed scornfully. Winnie's happiness was over. She would never drive out with the Major again. Her half-holiday of an hour and a quarter had cost her dear—very nearly her self-respect. Homeopathy in happiness has many physicians—and many victims.

By-and-bye Major Raymond dropped in to see Winnie after dinner, as well as after lunch. This was not so pleasant for the Major. The men were rougher,



WINNIE MOSLYN

ruder than the early *habitués*. Raymond had glimpses now and then of the hell the girl's life sometimes was. He quite worried himself over it. The puzzle of how to help her was still unsolved when the climax came.

It was the evening of the Winterbury races. Major Raymond, driven from room to room by the crush, bethought himself of Winnie. She must be terribly busy. He would just look in for a moment to see how she was doing. Strange that this veteran, who had long decided that society was a bore and cantonment festivities a snare and a delusion, should trouble himself about a common bar-girl slaving her soul away, or care a straw whether her heart broke

sooner or later in the process. But he did care.

Winnie's bar was oppressive with tobacco smoke, and packed with men shouting at the top of their voices or roaring with imbecile laughter. The girl was ghastly white. The work was



"WANTED TO CLEAR OUT THE BAR"

dreadful. Half-a-dozen men were leaning over the counter, chaffing—that is, baiting—her. They were behaving with dreadful cruelty—worse than the average man in his cups; that is, as unlike average beasts as possible. The poor girl was trying bravely to keep a bold face and hold her own. But six strong men to a nervous girl is cruel odds, especially when the men are all drunk and the girl on the point of hysteria.

Now Major Raymond was a gallant man, but in truth he flinched just then, and he was turning away when the girl saw him. The flash of ineffable relief in her eyes was enough. His very presence gave her courage. The blood came back to her face. Her friend was near.

Making his way to the counter, the Major stumbled over one of the men's feet which were spread out regardless of space.

"Where the dickens are you going?" the man snapped viciously.

"Where the dickens I please," the Major answered, affably as to the words, but with a glare into the man's eyes that ended the conversation on the spot.

An hour later Major Raymond whispered, "I am afraid I must go now. If I remain any longer I shall certainly finish the evening in the hands of the police."

"It was worse before you came," was all she replied. His presence was really something of a protection. Still she would not pointedly ask him to remain.

On that the Major sat down again and sipped chartreuse for two hours from purely humanitarian motives. When the last customer, except himself, was gone, and the gas lights were being turned down, the Major's head was not so cool, nor his judgment so clear as usual. And when the inevitable reaction swept over the girl, and she burst into a passionate fit of weeping, he leant over the counter and patted her shoulder with his hand, and begged her to bear up, telling her truly that the other girls were watching her.

Whereon the poor little tear-daubed face was turned to him in wild appeal. The tired heart could bear no more.

"For God's sake take me out of this," she wailed.

Some days later, when they were driving down the principal street in Winterbury on their way to the railway station, a thought struck Winnie as they were passing the Royal. It was a vengeful little thought, although the vengeance was venial.

"May I run in just for a moment?" she asked, eagerly.

"Of course you may. And don't look at me in that absurdly idolatrous fashion, sweetheart," the Major answered.

The cab was stopped. Winnie alighted. She tripped smartly into the buffet—hideous place—and ran to the "Yellow Girl's" counter.

"There!" she cried, slapping a visiting card on the counter.

The "Yellow Girl" took it up and read: "Major and Mrs. Raymond."

Winnie returned to the cab triumphant. As they drove to the station, she explained what she had done.

"What a spiteful little woman it is after all," her husband said playfully. "Why all this triumph?"

"It was she—the 'Yellow Girl'—who said—who—you remember—"

"Oh, I see it now. You were quite right—quite. I am glad you gave her the card," the Major said, deliberately.

They travelled by easy stages for a couple of months in France, Switzerland, and Italy. It was a glorious honeymoon for Winnie—a lifetime of happy holidays to a girl who had been physically tired for years: courtesy instead of cruelty; constant tenderness in lieu of continued insult! It was unbelievable! It was too much!

When they returned to England and set up house in a quiet suburb in the north of London, the Major's friends—men friends—called loyally. But the spinsters and their relatives kept aloof, and as for Winterbury, from the bishop on his throne to the humblest curate, the church declared Major Raymond and his wife "impossible." Even with the men friends it was the old story. The same men rarely came twice. This was not owing to any glaring social solecism on the part of Mrs. Raymond. On the contrary, the child-wife behaved admirably. But she was not *au courant* with society slang, and so was often at a loss. These painful crises distressed Major Raymond more especially from the obvious, if chivalrous, efforts of the men-friends to cover the retreat of their hostess. The Major would not have his wife pitied by his friends. He would see them to the deuce first. He received them more and more coolly, and finally gave them the cold shoulder. Then he had peace and happiness for a time. And then the end came.

The child-wife saw the friends drop off one by one. She saw her husband grow gradually abstracted—then moody. She made desperate efforts to please. Soon these seemed to surfeit. She broke her heart in solitary weeping, and so grew wan and white. This gave offence.

And thus they lived together—the man cursing himself for a hide-bound ass who could not, try how he would, shake himself free from the shackles of a narrow conventionalism, the rigid laws of which he had dared to disobey: the woman praying day and night for the



"HE BEGGED HER TO BEAR UP'

happiness of the saviour who had brought her no salvation.

Sometimes they forgot their fate, and made pleasant little excursions into the country, walking in green lanes happily.

Or they went to unfrequented seaside places, where on golden sands the man forgot his lost social status, and the still small voice that was wearing the woman's life away was drowned in the roar of the sea.

All the man's friends had now fallen away, and the two were alone. It is not good for man to be alone—even a married man. Major Raymond became morose. Winnie lost her good looks. Her figure shrank. Then there came an invitation to the Major from the friend who had stood longest by him. It was to share a fortnight's shooting in Inverness. Almost on her knees Winnie begged her husband to accept it. It would be good for him.

She was so unaffected and sincere that the Major yielded, in reality more to please her than himself. For he believed that although while he was away she would fret a little in his absence, her loneliness would be overpaid by the satisfaction of the strong sense of duty she had always shown. So the Major went on his visit, and wondered very much whether his wife thought he was going to a frontier war instead of a fortnight's shooting in Inverness, so completely did she break down at the last moment. He could not recall his acceptance of the invitation, or he would have done so then and there. As it was, he will recollect with thankfulness to the last day of his life that he was very kind and affectionate with his child-wife, who saw him off with tearful eyes, and a sorrow which would have appeared to be overdone if he did not know her to be true.

Winnie was then left to herself and her own thoughts. She had kept them faithfully to herself. They would have done less harm if they had been shared.

Major Raymond had a good time with his friend, an old Service comrade, and their mutual host in Inverness. The welcome change, the mixing again with half-forgotten acquaintances, the first-rate sport—all served to brighten him up wonderfully. He became something like his old self again. He was considered a good fellow. And he was a good fellow; for all the time that he was enjoying himself on the brown moors and climbing the heathy hills and talking to fine ladies, he was planning little treats for the child-wife he had left at home. Sometimes when, on cresting a

mountain slope, the keen air swept over him he felt absolutely guilty. Why should he have all this and poor little blue-eyes nothing better than to count the weary hours until he would return?

One morning came a letter—a terrible letter: terrible in its pathos and passion, awful in its complete despair. It showed that the girl had seen as clearly as her husband what the marriage really meant for him: that it had ostracised him from his class; that he had borne the result without complaint; but that the burden of the sacrifice had been too great for her to bear. Tear-stained, full of wild, incoherent sentences and declarations of passionate love, she saw no way to free him but one. There was another way, but she would not walk in it. She would be true to him till death. So she was going out upon that last dread journey alone so that he might be no more lonely for her sake. Without a heart to pity her, without a hand to clasp hers or a voice to comfort her she was facing the great unknowable—passing into the great unknown. He would forgive her, would he not? And perhaps pity her a little? And oh, would he remember her sometimes? Enough!

The rush of telegrams to town, the hiring of the special train and the wild haste of preparation for departure kept Major Raymond from going mad. His friend accompanied him. He was a true friend that one.

Before the special started, a Londoner who was returning to town introduced himself and offered to share the cost of the train if allowed to join them. He had been recalled by important business. Raymond said nothing, but his friend readily agreed, and the three got into the same compartment of the single carriage which was put on. The engine driver had been interviewed and the pace was fine. They could scarcely keep their seats owing to the oscillation of the carriage. Raymond never spoke, although the Londoner several times tried to draw him into the conversation he was keeping up with his friend. At last the stranger said pointedly, although it was quite evident it was merely from a courteous anxiety to make the conversation general:

"Do you wish me to put the window up, sir?"

"I wish you were in the Pit," was what Major Raymond answered.



"SHE WAS DEAD!"

As they went flying south—dashing over the shires, sweeping round mountain bases, leaping rivers, bursting through tunnels, pounding up gradients and plunging down them—Major Raymond, who had not spoken after his one fierce rejoinder, was thinking in a circle that never changed, that always ended where it began:

"Shall I be in time? I must be in time! I will be in time! I may be late!"

And so on without variation and without relief. It was over at last. They were in London. They were driving through the streets. They were at the door. The two men paused and faced each other. Raymond could not do it. The friend understood his sign. He rang. The door was opened by the housekeeper. Her face was enough. All was over.

The housekeeper led the way and the two men followed, moving cautiously, as those do who fear to break the fitful slumber of an ailing child.

At the door of the bedroom Raymond turned and said to his friend:

"You must go now. I thank you."

But the friend answered, "I may not go yet. And you must give me this before you go in." He put out his hand to take the revolver he had seen Major Raymond put in his pocket. This was not allowed.

"No," said Raymond, "I cannot give you that."

"Very well," said his friend, "then I go in with you."

They did go in together, leaving the housekeeper sobbing at the door.

"Can anything be done—can you do anything?" The man who spoke choked with a schoolgirl sob.

"No," said his friend, "nothing can now be done. She is dead. She has been dead some hours. She has taken—"

"Stop!" Major Raymond interrupted, "that will do. You are a great authority in this business, but I do not wish to hear you lecture just now."

The dead girl was dressed in the gown he had bought for her: the one she had worn on the first grand day in her life; the day an army officer took her for a drive.

A scrap of paper lay on the dressing-table. She had tried to write at the last moment. The writing was not easy to read. One line only was fairly decipherable. She had concentrated the last of her vitality to make it plain. It ran:

"If you do not live and be happy for my sake, I have done this thing in vain."

Raymond and his friend sat together through the night. And when the dawn came the friend spoke and asked for a promise. For an answer the stricken man smoothed out the paper which he had held in his hand all through the night, and read aloud the last line.

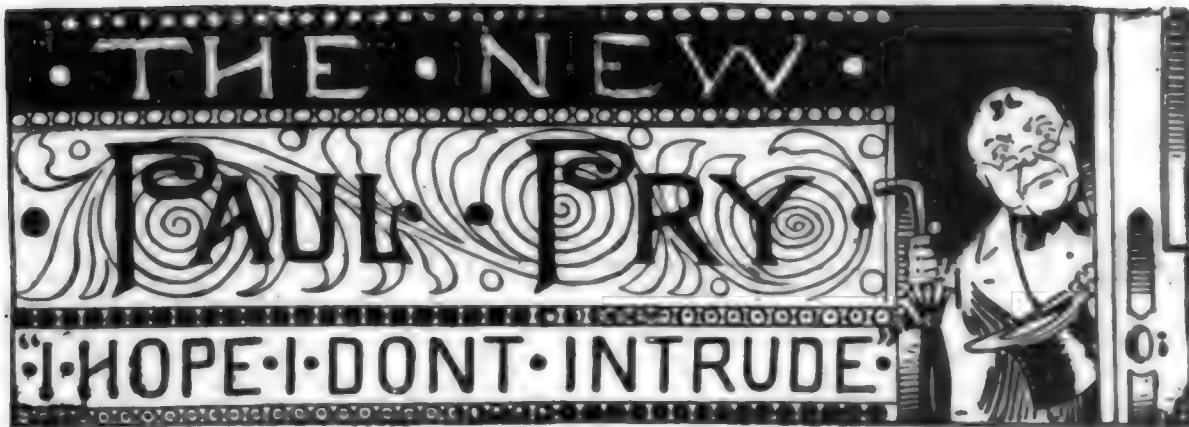
"That will do," said the friend, "I shall leave you now."

When Surgeon - Colonel Hedsford reached the corner of the terrace he stopped and lit a cigar. The morning air was cold, and his hand shook as he held the match. He looked back toward the house he had just quitted, and almost failed to distinguish it from the others in the row, which were absolutely identical.

"I suppose," said he, "they have all got their own story to tell. I wish to Heaven there was not so much misery in the world, or that a little less of it came my way."

Major Raymond never married again.





HANGING ACADEMY PICTURES.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE PICTURES.

IT was one evening after dinner that we were talking of the coming Academy and the coming Academicians; whereupon I remarked that there seemed to me to be something barbarous in lumping together several hundreds of pictures and expecting one to enjoy them all; it was as bad as giving a man several hundreds of things for dinner and expecting him to taste each dish. "For my own part," I said, "the most noticeable impression I bring away from the Academy is a headache."

"Headache!" said the R.A., lighting a cigar. "The public doesn't know what an Academy headache is any more than it knows what an Academy picture is—or any other picture for that matter. Only an Academician knows."

"Why?" I asked, recalling more than one painful experience.

"The public looks," said the R.A., "at about two thousand pictures, and sees—perhaps two hundred—or twenty—or two. And then the public has what it calls a headache. The Academician—if he is on the Judging Committee—looks at about twelve thousand pictures, and has to see them all—and have an opinion about 'em as well. Twelve thousand opinions at the rate of about twelve hundred a day! And then you talk about headaches."

"You, I presume, have been on the Committee," I said.

"Of course I have," said the R.A. "We all serve in turns, two years in succession. And in one of the years we serve—five of us—on the Hanging

Committee. And—Lord!—it is a grind!"

"Tell me about it," I said. "I like to know things. How is the judging managed, and how do you feel when you hold twelve thousand hopes and fears in the hollow of your hand?"

The R.A. sought the ghosts of his impressions in the ceiling. "Well," he said, after communing for a few moments with his cigar-smoke, "the whole thing is so settled by precedent that I really don't know what takes place, except in the judging-room. You simply sit in a chair—or stand on a floor—and say 'Aye' or 'No.'"

"But who says it—and where do they say it—and to whom do they say it?"

"There are ten of us—with the President, who is always there, eleven—and we all sit in the big gallery—of course you know it, it is No. 3. At the end of the Gallery there are two doors leading into Nos. 2 and 4. Well, a screen is placed across the room, and in front of this we sit, the President in the middle, more or less. Ah—and there's the secretary there too."

"It sounds very solemn."

"It isn't solemn a bit. We are allowed to smoke, you know, and we aren't glued to our seats."

"Well—and then?"

"Then the pictures are brought in, one after the other, by workmen. Each picture is held in front of the President, where we can all see it, and then we settle its fate."

"Do you vote on each picture?"

"Oh, no. There wouldn't be time for that. You see at the first judging we divide the pictures into three classes. Suppose, for instance, an infernally bad picture is brought in—and there are



"POOR THINGS, BUT MINE OWN"

some infernally bad ones, you know—the President will say, 'Horrible! Couldn't have that, possibly, could we?' Then if no one says anything, the picture is marked with a piece of white chalk on the back in the room, and carried off—goodness knows where. But if some charitable R.A. says, 'Well, it's not so bad as it might be. Give it another chance, eh?' Then it is marked on the back with a D, meaning 'doubtful,' and it's taken off to another room. It's not condemned utterly you see, but goes to Purgatory on probation."

"Some, I suppose, are accepted at once?"

"Of course. It doesn't take more than a glance to decide that a picture *is* thoroughly worth hanging, though one often doesn't like to decide off-hand that it isn't. If no one raises any objection to a picture, it is taken off at once to another room, in readiness for the

Hanging Committee. It's accepted, and there's no further question about it."

"And what proportion of pictures are accepted right away?"

The R.A. consulted for a moment with the lengthening ash of his cigar. "Say there are about twelve thousand pictures sent in," he said, after a pause, "that will probably be about the number this year. Out of that lot perhaps five hundred would be taken on sight, scarcely more. You must except, of course, the pictures of the Academicians and Associates, which arrive later and which can't be rejected, however bad they are."

"Ah!" I said, "people do complain, I am told, that the—"

"Bosh!" said the R.A. "There are several thousands of disappointed artists in England every April, and they naturally want to find some reason besides their own incompetence for their non-appearance at the Academy. But how many pictures do you think are sent by the Academicians and Associates together, who, you must admit, have won a right to a little bit of space? Got an Academy Catalogue anywhere?" said the R.A. to our host.

The catalogue was produced—a catalogue of a year or two ago. We made a hurried calculation, and found that out of over 2,100 exhibits about 1,900 were by outsiders.

"I think that proves," said the R.A., "that the outsider is allowed a fair show at the Academy."

"I think it does," I said. "But tell me—how many are marked 'doubtful'?"

"It depends," said the R.A. "Sometimes the Committee is in a lenient frame of mind—after lunch, for instance—and takes a kindly view of anything that has a tinge of merit. At the start—at ten o'clock, when they are critical, or later on in the day towards six o'clock, when they are tired, they chuck 'em right and left—the rather bad ones, I mean. But I expect, on the average, from 2,000 to 3,000 are marked doubtful. So you see that with the 200 or so pictures from the Academicians and Associates, and the 500 or so already accepted, there are something over 3,000 pictures and things for the Hanging Committee to deal with and, as you know, there's only room for about 2,000."

"By the way, who is on the Committee this year?"

"Let me see—the Hanging Committee

are: Tadema, Fildes, Norman Shaw, Marcus Stone, Onslow Ford, and J. W. Waterhouse. The rest are Orchardson, Prinsep, Wells, and Yeames. Norman Shaw is on the Hanging Committee to look after the architectural drawings—so there are six this year—and Onslow

ten days. But we have to keep hard at it every day from ten till six-thirty, with a short interval for lunch. And then, of course, there's a lot of work left for the Hanging Committee; for they have not only to arrange the pictures, but to weed out those for which there is no room."



BRINGING IN A STATUE

Ford, of course, will have charge of the sculpture."

"Oh—how do they judge the sculpture? Workmen cannot carry equestrian statues in their arms."

"The sculpture is run through the room on trolleys. It's quite simple."

"How long does the judging take?"

"We generally reckon to get it over in

"Well, how do they set to work?"

"By the time they are ready to start, the Academicians and Associates have all sent in their contributions. They take these first, and settle which shall have the places of honour at the ends of the various galleries; and while the workmen are getting them into position, they go on placing the rest. After that,

they take the pictures that have been accepted, and settle the positions of these, giving, as far as possible, the best places to the best works, though of course some regard must be paid to considerations of space. When that is done, you see, there are about seven hundred pictures on the walls, with room for about 1,000 or 1,200 more, and 2,000 to 3,000 to choose from. So the Committee begins to dig about among the 'doubtfuls,' selecting the best. By this time the work is divided up among the Committee; one man will take one gallery, another be responsible for another; the sculptor will have sole charge of the sculpture rooms; and so on."

"I suppose it's more or less a matter of chance whether a 'doubtful' gets hung or not?"

"To a certain extent, it is. One has sometimes to take the inferior of two pictures, when the walls are getting filled up, simply because the better one won't fit in anywhere, or because it doesn't harmonise with its neighbours. That, you know, is a very important consideration in hanging. I told you just now that when a picture was accepted there was no further question about it. That is not quite invariably the case. I remember one instance in which no possible place could be found for an accepted picture. It was tried all round the galleries, and wherever it was hung it killed everything in the neighbourhood. That, of course, wasn't fair to the rest. So the picture had to be rejected after all. But a polite note of explanation was sent to the artist."

"Of course, a good many pictures are sent in by friends of the judges; do you suppose that there is ever just a little favouritism? Wouldn't a member of the Hanging Committee, for instance, hang the picture of a friend in preference to that of a stranger, when there wasn't room for both?"

"I know some people profess to believe in favouritism at the Academy. They wouldn't if they had ever judged themselves. We don't even see the names upon the pictures. Over and over again I have picked out and hung or rejected the pictures of my most intimate friends without recognising them. You may depend upon it that nothing tells in the Academy but the merit of a picture."

"And its shape?"

"And, in the last resort, its size and shape. Well, if you've nothing more to ask me—"

"I think I have bothered you enough," I said.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE FRAMES.

AND yet there seemed still to be things about the Academy which I did not know. Now to me there is nothing quite so irritating as the consciousness that there is something that I don't know. The only consolation is that there are very few things that I cannot find out. I caught a stray artist. But his ideas were vague. He gave me the impression that he would only formulate his opinion of the Forty when he knew whether his pictures were hung or rejected. He was quite right. You cannot form a just estimate of the critical faculties of another until he has given you his appreciation of yourself—the only person you know thoroughly. I enquired if he had sent in his pictures.

"Three of 'em," he replied. I learned afterwards that he had had five rejected, and one accepted. An artist who is not pretty sure of acceptance generally halves in conversation the number of pictures he submits. The result in the Academy catalogue looks better.

"Ah—how do you send them?" I asked. "By Parcel Post?"

"Good heavens, no! Old Kedjeree looks after that. He sends in all the pictures about here; he's sent in more pictures to the Academy than—well than Sidney Cooper."

"Dear me! who is old Kedjeree?"

"The frame man, of course. He's got a little shop round the corner. All the artists round here owe old Kedjeree a bit."

"I think," I said, "that I should like to see him," and having enquired his whereabouts, I plunged straight into his little shop. It was crammed with canvases and frames, while all over the walls were hung patterns of mouldings, and here and there an old engraving, or an oil-painting in a tentative frame. From behind a barrier of canvases rose old Kedjeree himself. He was a wizened man, with a melancholy cast of feature, and a pronounced stoop. He looked as though he bore on his shoulders the myriad disappointments that fell, in

each succeeding April, upon the artists whose pictures he framed and forwarded.

"Well," I said briskly, "I've come to talk about the Academy. How's business?"

Old Kedjeree rubbed the back of one hand with the stained fingers of the other, and shook his pessimistic head.

"Are there so few pictures going in this year?" I asked, "or do you find competition—"

"O, no! There's no competition with me. All the pictures that go in from here I send. And this year there are more than ever. But you may be busy, and it mayn't be business, if you understand me."

"And do you bring back the pictures that are rejected?"

"Of course," he said. "The gentlemen wouldn't so much mind taking their pictures to the Academy themselves. But it's a very different thing when they have to fetch them away. So, you see, I undertake the whole thing."

"And supply the frames as well?"

"Yes, yes, when new frames are wanted."

The mention of frames seemed to still further sadden him.

"But I suppose a frame costs money. What is the price of an ordinary frame —this one, for example?" I laid my hand on a very large frame which stood against the wall.

"That," he said, "was ordered for a commission" (he mentioned a well-known artist) "but the commission fell through. The price would be about £12. Lots of frames will cost a deal more than that. But then, of course, if you want to do it cheap you paint a small picture and cut it down that way."

"I expect if the truth were known," I said, "the frames at the Academy are worth as much as the pictures."

He nodded his head. "They cost a deal more to produce," he said.

"And what do you think of the pictures this year?" I asked. "Do you expect to have to bring many of them back again?"

"Most of 'em," he said sadly. "I take 'em up, and I bring 'em back, and

there's very little to choose between the two loads."

"Still it doesn't make any difference to you," I argued, "the pictures have to be framed whether they are accepted or not."



PUTTING ON AN ARM

"Ah," he said, with his wizened face aslant, "it makes a bit of difference. When an artist sells his picture, he sells the frame too; or even if the picture is hung, it will go later on to country exhibitions. Anyhow, he'll want a new frame for his next picture. But, supposing his picture comes back at once, why he just starts and paints another picture the same size, or very likely on the same canvas, and saves the price of a frame. I like to see pictures sold."

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE BACKS.

STILL there was a gap in my knowledge, and I knew I could not rest until I had caulked it with information. So I poked about until I found the man I wanted. He was not an artist—I know what the artists think of the Academy, and I knew by that time what the Academy thinks of artists—he was not a critic in the ordinary sense; he was just one of the workmen who lift the 12,000 pictures and pieces of statuary from one point to

another. But even the people who get their beer in by the jug have their views of things. I found him contemplating the interior of a pint pot in a "house" adjacent to Burlington House, during the hour that the British workman regards as sacred to dinner.

"Hal pretty busy, I expect," I said, in my genial way.

In reply he slowly inverted his pint pot, and a few flakes of foam slid out and fell upon the sanded floor. My course was obvious, and I took it.

"Lot: of pictures about," I said, as he nodded to me and dipped his nose into the fresh tankard.

"You could say that twice over and be under the mark," he replied. "I sin more pictures the lawst week than you sin people, and that's strite. Least, I sin the backs of 'em—that's good enough for me."

"How do you mean?"

"Think I want to turn 'em round and look at the front of 'em? Likely! All I want to see is the artis'es nime on the back, an' 'is address; an' I don't want to know no more."

"Tell me, do you take the pictures and things upstairs as they come in?"

"What do you think! They all go up in the lift."

"Statues and all?"

"Course. On'y if they're very 'eavy, more'n ornery 'eavy, they'll be kep' darn in the 'all; an' then the President, 'e'll come down and look at it, and sy if it's to go up. There's a image of the Queen in the 'all now, eight feet 'igh or more. That won't go up if I can 'elp it."

"O! Whose is that?"

"I dunno. It orter be took 'ome and broke up."

"And what happens to the things when they are sent up in the lift?"

"They come darn again—mostly. An' I'm witin' for 'em. That's my job."

"What do you do with them?"

"Why then, when they come darn again, we looks at the back of 'em an' sorts 'em art 'cordin to the nime on the back. All the A's goes 'ere an' all the B's goes there, an' so on."

"Where do they go?"

"Where? Why underneath the galleries. There's miles of room underneath, an' all filled up with pictures, so's you can't turn round, 'ardly. An' all of 'em is arringed so's I can put my 'and on 'em like that." He placed his hand upon the beer engine. "Your nime's Smith, sy, an' you comes an' says I wants my picture, nime o' Smith. You 'as it, in 'arf a minute."

"I see. Your business is with the pictures that are rejected by the Judging Committee—that are—"

"Jest so." He made a sweeping movement, with his pipe in hand, that signified contempt.

"And what becomes of all these pictures—thousands, I suppose—"

"Might call it millions."

"—these pictures that are rejected?"

"Oh—somebody comes for 'em with a bit of piper—the artis'es or somebody—and fetches 'em awy. When I see the nime I can put my 'and on the picture. Sometimes they don't come at all. I sin one picture standin' up agin' the wall that's been there for fifty year an' more, an' no one come for it."

"Whose was it?"

"Well—I 'ave read the nime, but I ain't got no memory for nimes."

"What was the subject of the picture?"

"Subjick? I dunno. I ain't never turned it rarnd to see."



"Shirley" at Home.

BY HERBERT E. WROOT.



BIRSTAL CHURCH

THE little town of Birstal, which Charlotte Brontë pictured as Briarfield, the principal scene of her brightest and healthiest, if not her greatest novel, *Shirley*, lies in the "heavy woollen district" of the West Riding of Yorkshire, almost equi-distant from Leeds, Bradford and Huddersfield. When Charlotte visited at Birstal the home of her bosom friend, Miss Ellen Nussey, Birstal was remote and difficult of access. Nowadays there are plentiful means of communication with the outside world, but the literary pilgrim bent on tracing the steps of Shirley Keeldar, will choose to leave the train at Adwalton Station, on a branch of the Great Northern Railway system. He is not then shocked at the outset by the incongruities and squalor of a manufacturing village, but finds

ing so striking an old building, and, externally and internally, the minutest touches of the description of Fieldhead still applies. The "Gothic old barrack" of



GARDEN ENTRANCE TO OAKWELL HALL

an entrance hall—"very sombre it was; long, vast, and dark"—has not yet lost all the stags' antlers which embellished it in Shirley's time, and the dark oak panels which encompass the walls give it still an

himself high on a hill-side, among green fields, overlooking a wide and prettily wooded dale. Half-way down the hill, at his feet, rise from amid a thick plantation of apple trees and laburnums, the picturesque grey stone roof and chimneys of Oakwell Hall, an old Elizabethan mansion which it is easy to recognise as Shirley Keeldar's home, "Fieldhead."

The pen that could draw a woman's inmost soul would not be likely to fail in the easy task of sketch-

air of distinction. "Very handsome, reader," says Charlotte, "these shining brown panels are: very mellow in colouring and tasteful in effect, but—if you know what a 'spring clean' is—very execrable and inhuman. Whoever, having the bowels of humanity, has seen servants scrubbing at those polished wooden walls with bees-waxed cloths on a warm May day must allow that they are 'intolerable and not to be endured.'" Even now the "delicate pinky white" paint, which the authoress of *Shirley* approved, makes cheery the drawing-room in the wing to the left of the house, and the tenant who would remove it would be a much more veritable Hun than the "benevolent barbarian," who, before Shirley's time, applied it to the

Helstone and Shirley Keeldar first met; the room behind it is doubtless the school-room where Shirley, in an interview that one can hardly read for the



THE HALL AT OAKWELL

twentieth time without emotion, confided to Louis Moore the fact that she had been bitten by a mad dog, and had secretly cauterised the wound with a hot iron. Everyone now knows that this incident was gathered by Charlotte from the actual experience of her sister Emily, who formed throughout the model for the character of Shirley; and the passage is rendered the more striking by that knowledge. Up the quaint and crooked old oak staircase in the hall, Tartar—himself a true picture of Emily Brontë's old dog-keeper, whom one loves for his fidelity to the mistress whose death he



OAKWELL HALL

oaken panels. Almost every room is described in *Shirley* with equal accuracy, and the whole house is full of memories, tempting one to linger. Here, in the right wing, is the parlour where Caroline

could not survive—drove the curates precipitately, and that corner room—the door of which almost faces the head of the stairs—was perhaps Mrs. Prior's apartment, in which the

contemptible and terrified Donne sought refuge.

Since Shirley's days the fortunes of the house have faded. The estate has

Donne had said on the occasion referred to. "I never could have formed an idear of the country had I not seen it; and the people—rich and poor—what a set! How *corse* and uncultivated!" and heaping brutal joke on vulgar invective, he continued in this strain till Shirley rose. "Nobody could control her now, for she was exasperated; straight she walked to her garden gates, wide she flung them open.

"Walk through," she said austerely, "and pretty quickly, and set foot on this pavement no more. . . . Rid me of you instantly—instantly!" reiterated Shirley as he lingered.

"M a d a m — a clergyman! Turn out a clergyman?"
"Off! Were you an Archbishop you have proved yourself no gentleman and must go. Quick!"



THE OLD RECTORY, BIRSTAL

been for years in Chancery, and the old mansion has long remained untenanted. The garden where Shirley gave her party was, when I last saw it, the ideal picture of a domain on which the hand of the law had fallen. Fruit trees ripened their luscious burdens unheeded, save by the birds. The sun-dial lay broken by the garden path; weeds and wild plants choked the beds; and pretty creepers straggled out between the displaced stones of the terrace steps—beautiful still in their wild ruin. The quaint old gateway, through which Mr. Donne was so unceremoniously expelled by Shirley, had not moved on its hinges for years, till with difficulty it was opened for the making of our photograph.

"Wretched place, this Yorkshire," Mr.



THE RYDINGS, BIRSTAL

Oakwell Hall was built in 1583 by one member of a family which gained an unenviable notoriety by producing generation after generation of the most

accomplished scoundrels in local history. A chamber in the hall is, or was, haunted by the ghost of one of these rascals, who died in a duel, and a footmark of blood which the ghost had made used to be shown. But it has now disappeared, presumably under the application of one or other of the "Matchless" ablutionary emollients which nowadays strengthen the arm of the house-wife. In front and at one side of the hall a moat still exists—a reminder of times of strife. The noise of war has indeed been heard under the very windows of Oakwell. The railway station from which the visitor has just come, stands on the edge of the battlefield of Adwalton Moor, where the Parliamentary army under Lord Fairfax met with a severe reverse,

the moor, over 2,000 of their fellow countrymen.

There are, or used to be, two roads from Oakwell to the church at Birstal.



THE GATEHOUSE, KIRKLEES NUNNERY

By the highway the distance is about a mile, but a field-path "by green hedges and greener leas," greatly reduces the distance. On a certain quiet summer evening, when Robert Moore walked home with Caroline Helstone, they were not in a hurry, and took the longer road. Can any of my readers who are, or have been young, sympathise?

"Humph! You took three-quarters of an hour to walk a mile. Was it you or Moore who lingered so?" commented Shirley to Caroline next day.

"Shirley, you talk nonsense."

"He talked nonsense—that I doubt not, or he looked it, which is a thousand

times worse: I see the reflection of his eyes on your forehead at this moment."

Without taking three-quarters of an hour for our walk, for we may not be so



THE RED HOUSE, GOMERSALL

and the field-path down which he has walked to Oakwell was the road taken by the retreating Parliamentarians, who left behind them, dead or dying on

lucky as to have such good reason for lingering, we will go on to the church-yard, where on the very night of which we have been speaking Robert Moore played hide-and-seek among the tombs with old Helstone—for the Rector and Robert were not on good terms and Caroline had been forbidden to meet her cousin. Behind "the Wynnes' ambitious monument," Robert "was forced to hide full ten minutes, kneeling with one knee on the turf, his hat off, his curls bare to the dew, his dark eyes shining and his lips parted with inward laughter at his position; for the Rector, meanwhile, stood coolly star-gazing, and taking snuff within three feet of him." But little of the church remains as Charlotte Brontë saw

village, one old red brick house, built, perhaps, in Stuart times, is noticeable. This was "Briarmains" of the novel, and here dwelt a shrewd and kindly hearted friend of the Brontë family, Joshua Taylor. His portrait has been preserved for us by Charlotte as Hiram Yorke, whilst his daughters Mary and Martha, who were respectively Rose and Jesse Yorke in the novel, will be remembered by the readers of the Brontë biographies.

In some details Charlotte Brontë unflinchingly adapted the geography of the locality to the artistic exigencies of her work, and her descriptions of Fieldhead Hollow and Mill form an instance. Through the meadows beside Oakwell Hall, a pretty little stream



KIRKLEES HALL (NUNNERY HALL)

it, for thirty years ago all except the tower was handsomely re-built. A newer house on another site has superseded as the Rectory, the home of the Helstones, but the gloomy old building still stands shut off from the churchyard by its screen of waving lilacs.

A few hundred yards from the church stands the quaint old residence called the Rydings, where for years Miss Nussey made her home, and where Charlotte Brontë visited. This house in its main external features she described as Thornfield, the residence of Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*.

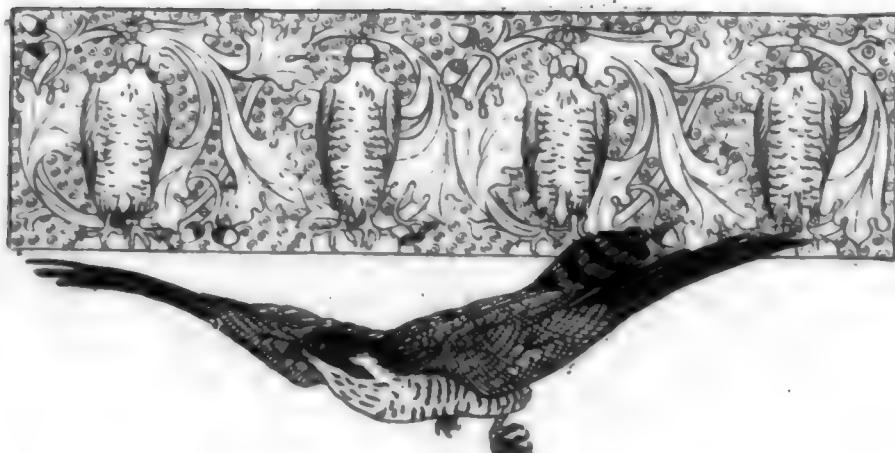
Climbing the dale side we reach Gomersall in a few minutes. Here among the grey stone buildings of the

trickles down from Oakwell Wood to join the Smithies Beck in Birstal Vale. This Hollow Charlotte Brontë, perhaps, had in mind as the situation of Hollow's Mill, but the actual mill which she described is nearly three miles off, at Hunsworth. This was not the mill however, actually attacked by the Lud-dite rioters. The scene of the stirring events depicted in so masterly a manner in the novel, was farther down the valley at Rawfolds, Liversedge, a water mill since burnt down. At the beginning of the present century Rawfolds was in the hands of a Mr. Cartwright who supplied some characteristics for the portrait of Robert Moore. But Charlotte Brontë found it necessary to soften down very

considerably the asperities of the model. If we may believe the stories still told of Cartwright, there was much that was absolutely diabolical in the man, for it is alleged that he refused surgical aid to the rioters whom his soldiers had shot, and actually tortured the poor creatures with sulphuric acid, to extort from them the names of their ringleaders. The militant parson Helstone is largely a picture of Hammond Roberson, the parson of a neighbouring church; and he also, it is said, used his utmost endeavours to induce the wounded to betray their comrades. As one of them—a clergyman's son named Booth—lay at the point of death, he signalled to Mr. Roberson, who instantly went to his side. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the dying man. "I can," eagerly replied the expectant clergyman. "So can I," replied poor Booth, and soon after calmly expired.

We have completed now such a ramble as can conveniently be made in one afternoon. If time allowed, we might prolong our excursion by driving over to Dewsbury Moor—where, as pupil and teacher, Charlotte Brontë lived for some years, and which she perhaps alluded to in the novel as Stillboro' Moor, the scene of Shirley's daily ride. Nunneley Priory, with its grand park, is unquestionably Kirklees Priory in the same neighbourhood. In the gatehouse of Kirklees tradition says that Robin Hood died, and his grave still exists, a bow-shot from the window of the death-chamber—but such a bow-shot as Robin Hood alone could have pulled, for it measures a quarter of a mile. Here, then, our literary pilgrimage must end.

[NOTE.—The pictures illustrating this article are from photographs by Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, Yorkshire.]



Stevenson on Edinburgh.

THE new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes* (Seeley), illustrated by T. Hamilton Crawford; R.S.W., is assured of a warm welcome. To the majority of readers R. L. S. is a great deal more than a mere writer of tales and essays. He is one of the comparatively few authors whose works excite in those who read them a strong personal affection for the unknown man who produced them, and it seems more than likely that he will live with Lamb as one of the close friends of all who love literature. But, if this is so with the mere Englishman, how much stronger should be the spell cast by the writer upon every true Scot? The man whose birth and rearing were across the Border is often compelled to

celebrate the Burns anniversary as it comes round each year no less religiously than if he were still in his own country.



go elsewhere to make the money that is unhappily necessary to all of us. But the love of home and of the home-country exists in him as strongly as in any of the race, and in whatever quarter of the globe he may be, he must needs

To the Scot, therefore, Robert Louis Stevenson should be doubly dear, for the passionate love of the north-country, which is merely a dumb instinct in the most of her sons, found in his works, and above all in his letters, a continual and most eloquent expression. It is known to all of his readers that all the charms of Southern seas and of the health which they made his for the first time in all his days, could not stifle the longing that continually arose in him—none the less irresistibly because he was aware that it could never be fulfilled on earth—to return to the Scottish hill-sides he had known in youth, and, above all, to "the grey metropolis." By many a Southerner Edinburgh is remembered as the most beautiful city it has ever been his lot to visit. Imagine, then, with what force it appeals to the memory and imagination of the man

who was born and bred in it, who knows the legends attaching to each street and court, and can recall its varied beauties under all effects of atmosphere, so that he loves it with the same utter devotion under whatever aspect it recurs to his memory in days of absence. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," cried the absent Jew, "may my right hand forget its cunning." The same spirit, hardly less memorably expressed, finds utterance in Stevenson's declaration that there were no stars in heaven so bright as the street lamps of "Auld Reekie." This rare enthusiasm should in itself suffice to render the man

characteristics of the Edinburgh of his own day, as a host of passages shall prove which are scattered everywhere throughout the seven-and-twenty volumes which hold the completed work of his life. But he saw that present through the past, and it was beautified by the medium through which it was seen, even as London streets and London sunsets are the lovelier for that never absent mistiness of the air which comes between them and the eye of the admiring beholder. That his was the right view nobody can doubt, and, if the history of the city be remembered, the charm of it

—and of the *Picturesque Notes*—is easily understood. It is not merely a place rich in historic monuments: it may be said that the whole city is one great monument connected with almost all the picturesque and attractive events in the history of England and Scotland. The average child reads of these things, or is told of them by his teachers, but even the fact of their coming to him as lessons to be learned does not altogether rob them of their charm, or prevent his becoming an enthusiastic



whom it possesses capable of producing an interesting book on the subject arousing it. But Stevenson had a vast deal more than enthusiasm, as these *Picturesque Notes* abundantly testify. He had the writer's gift, and he had trained himself assiduously, until it is difficult to think of any subject concerning which you would not have rejoiced to read his expression of opinions or lack of opinions. Moreover, he had dipped deep into the huge stores of matter, legendary, historical, or semi-historical, ready to the hand of him who would know about the Scottish capital, and he had read with the understanding which alone can vitalise the dry bones of tradition. He had the fullest appreciation of the

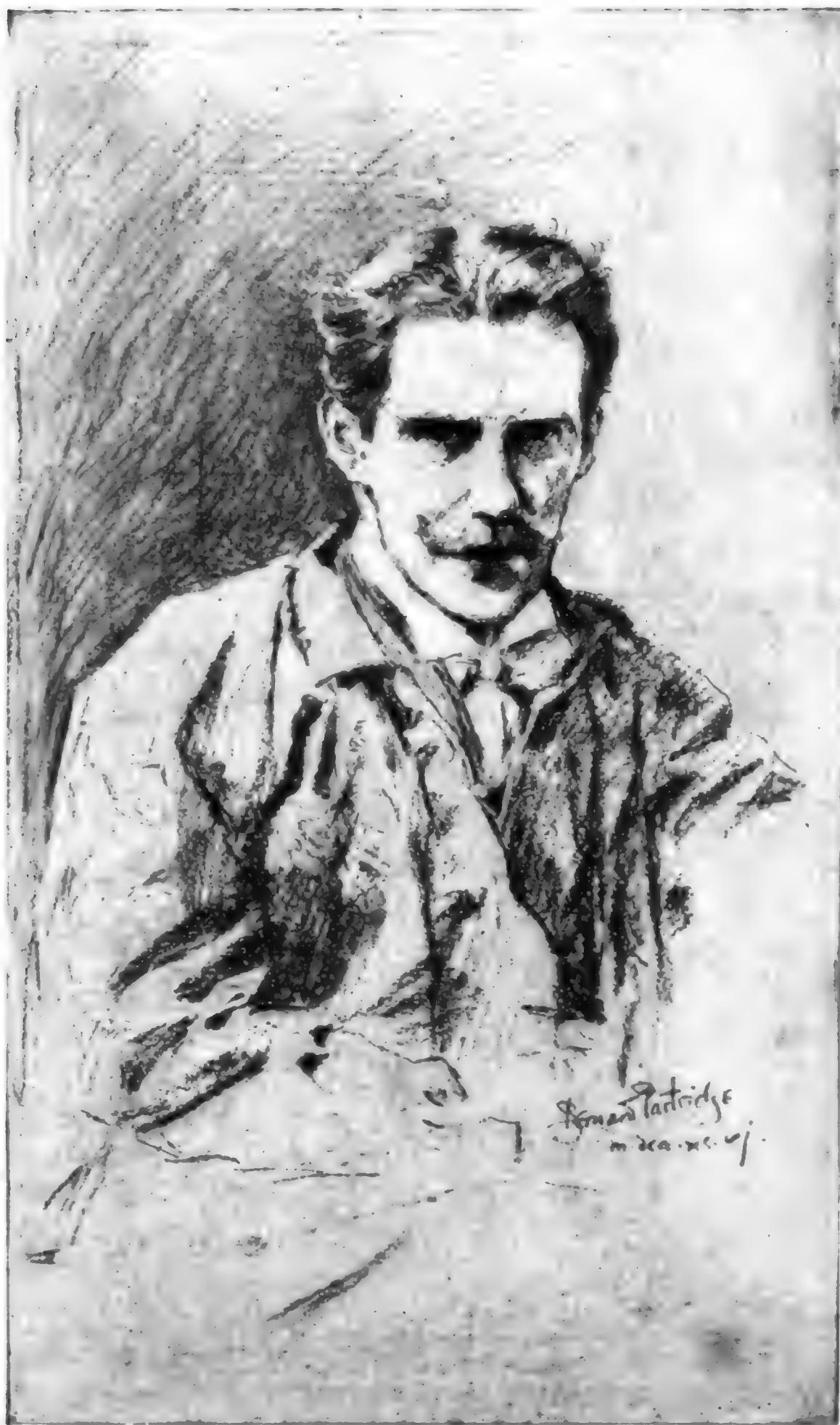
partisan of this or that actor long since passed from the stage on which he cut so brave a figure during the time of his life. To him, therefore, this book will prove vastly attractive when he is grown a little older, since it holds much detail which the pre-occupation of the ordinary historian with the unpicturesque may have led him to omit from his laborious tomes. To the Scot it ought to be a sort of Bible. One of the features most demanding to be praised in the whole of his character is his abounding love of his ancient capital and its traditions. Here is the book of one who shares his enthusiasm, holding it, perhaps, in surpassing degree, and has given it super-excellent expression.



THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH

VOL. II., NEW SERIES.—MAY, 1896

6



MR. J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE
DRAWN BY HIMSELF

Mr. J. Bernard Partridge.

TO say that Mr. J. Bernard Partridge has a complex nature neither expresses his personality nor does it justice. The first impression—and the last—given by Mr. Partridge is that he possesses an immense stock of vitality, and a keen interest in matters temporal and spiritual, together with ability to succeed in any walk in life whatsoever, and power to excel in several. Artist as painter and as actor, indeed, he has already approved himself. For those who witnessed his admirable conception of the character he sustained in *A Squire of Dames*, noting his exceptionally clear enunciation and effective stage presence, set him down actor born; and it would amaze them to learn that, merely for exercise and recreation, he becomes Mr. Bernard Gould and accepts an occasional dramatic engagement: while those who weekly look for and delight in his brilliant, if at times somewhat over-elaborated, drawings in *Punch*—on whose staff he is one of the most alert of the artist members—and study the results of his less frequent excursions into the realms of oil and water-colour esteem him draughtsman and painter to the core. Apart from his work, Mr. Partridge's interest in art is wide-spread. To hear him discuss literature is to realise that you converse with a reader whose taste and knowledge is cosmo-

politan, and whose judgment is individual and lucid.

His pleasures, again, he takes not sadly but earnestly. When he bicycles it is with the skill and the energy characteristic of all his actions. Rumour has it that during a recent Scottish tour he rode his willing machine up the steeps of Ben Nevis and down the other side without a stumble. Sober folks, who clamour aggressively for fact, declare the feat impossible; but they add that if anyone could have done it, Mr. Partridge would. And his energy in tennis has but to be seen to be remembered.

He is a conversationalist impetuous and delightful, and this, coupled with a handsome appearance, renders him a guest much sought after. In truth, he is said to be the despair of hostesses, since the moment for which he is pledged well-nigh invariably finds him engrossed in some important and congenial work. Many are the Society butterflies thus broken upon the wheel of his forgetfulness. Mr. Partridge lives in bachelor blessedness and a dainty cottage ornée situated in "the Grove of the Evangelist." He has not yet succumbed to the voice of the charmer, his strongest attachment at present being to his pipe. But he is still young. Also, though no one has been known to address him in a fashion so familiar, his Christian name is John.

In the Corridors.

BY W. PETT-RIDGE.

Afternoon in Corridors of Law Courts. Witnesses, sitting on window ledges' silently rehearse their evidence; adult barristers in wig and gown bustle up and down importantly, followed by respectful clerks; infant barristers—under thirty-five—lounge about and exchange splendid jokes. Scent of flowers and smelling-salts.

FIRST JUNIOR (*delightedly*): And the old man is in the most awful tear today you ever saw in all your life! (*With relish*) Court's simply chock full of juniors enjoying the fun. He's sat on Millis, Q.C.

SECOND JUNIOR (*incredulously*): Not on Millis?

FIRST JUNIOR: Abso-lutely, my boy, I assure you. (*With increased delight*) Sat on Millis, bullied Rock, told Boswal he knew nothing of the law—

SECOND JUNIOR (*amazed*): Well, I'm hanged!

FIRST JUNIOR: Yawned when Mockwood made a joke; and played the very dickens all round. I never saw anything like it in all my life. Worst of it is (*regretfully*), he's quietened down since lunch, and he's, comparatively speaking, doing the amiable now. But (*gleefully*), by Jove, it was clinkin' good fun while it lasted. Old chap's about the only one that can be depended on nowadays. (*Looks down corridor.*) I say! This is extra special, isn't it?

(Both give whistle of content as THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON, in huge hat and violet veil, and brown cloak, is escorted to seat by body-guard of admiring young barristers.)

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: O, you are all too dreadfully kind for anything! Thank you so very much. I had no idea, really, that the Law Courts were such fun. And tell me, now: what sort of a witness did I make?

ENTOURAGE: Swagger!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: I'm so glad to hear you say that. I was afraid I admitted rather much when that dreadful person—whatever was his

stupid name?—cross-examined me and asked such a lot of silly questions.

ENTOURAGE (*as one man*): Bilner's a bounder.

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON (*impartially*): Well, I'm bound to say I think so, too. Here's a simple question of contract to be decided, and (*bitterly*) he must needs go into a lot of outside matters that have nothing on earth to do with anybody! What is it to do with him, I should like to know, how long I was resting last year? It's either impudence or ignorance, I don't know which.

LEADER OF BODY-GUARD: Both!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: But really the place isn't nearly so ghastly as I thought it would be. And have you really been to our show? Like it I wonder?

BODY-GUARD (*in chorus*): Rippin'!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: It's a great secret, and I don't want you to noise it about, but (*they press forward to listen to confidence*) I'm going to sing a new song next week. A perfectly new song! (*With satisfaction*) All about "We're the boys to cut a dash, When we're out upon the mash, Folks say we're a little rash, After midnight," and "After midnight" comes in you know twice in each verse and—(*Interruption.*) I've to go back into that dreadful Court again? Well, you must all guide me, please, or else I shall do something stupid. Ought I to take anybody's arm I wonder?

(Selects one from a dozen offered arms, and goes gracefully.)

BARRISTER (*To solicitor with lady witness*): Now let me quite understand,

Mr. Sewell. This lady is prepared to swear—

LADY WITNESS (*shivering with indignation*): Pardon me, sir. I never have said anything stronger than "Bother," or "Good gracious," and I hope, please good, I never shall. I'm a strict Congregationalist; as strict a one as you'll find in a day's march, and—

SOLICITOR: Do keep quiet, my dear Madam. Go on, sir.

BARRISTER: Prepared to swear that she knew the testator well, and that she never saw any signs of eccentricity or anything of the kind. Eh?

SOLICITOR: That is so. (*To witness*) You can go as far as that, Madam, I believe?

WITNESS (*hurt*): I'm not so sure that I can, since you ask the question. If you want the absolute truth, I'm bound to say that the old gentleman was very finnickin' in his manners.

BARRISTER: He was what, Mr. Sewell?

WITNESS: Finnickin' sir, F-i-n-i-k-i-n, finikin. Or, to use a simpler expression, peculiar. F'r instance, he'd never take sugar with his coffee like an ordinary person. Over and over again I've said to him "Let me see, sir, how many lumps?" and he'd make answer snapishly, "None!" That was just his style, if you understand what I mean. And he never could bear his toast to be the least bit cold or under-browned. O (*sighing*), he certainly was odd.

BARRISTER: Nevertheless, this good lady, I take it, Mr. Sewell, will be prepared presently to state to his Lordship that so far as she knows—(*To clerk, who whispers*). Court Five. All right. Simpson; I'll come along with you now. Mr. Sewell, I shall leave this lady in your charge. (*Goes*.)

WITNESS (*affrighted*): Me in charge? Why, what on earth have I done naow that I shoud— (*Solicitor explains*.) O, well (*relieved*), why don't people express themselves properly.

(*North Country Lady sits weeping with veil folded over forehead*.)

TEARFUL LADY: Aye, sister, I never thowt I'd coom to this. It's terr'ble to think of. A coort o' law is no place for a honest coontry woman.

HER SISTER: Cheer up, Martha Emily. You ain't used to London, you see; that's what upsets you. If you'd come up iges

ago, when I come, and had gone into service in a boarding-house, like I did, why you'd think nothing of it. And it might be much worse. Why (*briskly*), what would you say if instead of it being a little matter about a bit of land, it was a divorce?

TEARFUL LADY (*shocked*): Doan't talk so wicked, sister. You've got a rare light-headed manner wi' you, like all the Loondon people. Ay (*sighing deeply*), someone'll hae to sooffer for all this some day. Th' wicked shall not go unrewarded. Is there plenty o' time for the train, I wonder? Six hoors only? And how long will it tak to get from here to King's Cross?

HER SISTER (*definitely*): Now you look here, Martha Emily. Directly this job's over we'll go and have a nice little snack of something—

TEARFUL LADY (*dolesfully*): It'd chok me.

HER SISTER: Well, we'll chance that Anyway, you leave off crying and sniffing like a good woman, or else you'll frighten the Judge into a fit. Let me pull your veil down now a little way and have a good smell at this bottle—smell 'ard mind—and try and think about something else. How's old Birkin's daughter getting on? You know the one I mean. That one that—

(*Whispers. North Country Niobe under influence of confidential gossip, revives and dries her tears*.)

PERSUASIVE SOLICITOR (*to obstinate client*): Now, my dear sir! Do listen to me for one moment, please. You heard what the Judge said just now.

CLIENT (*strenuously*): Me dear man, the Judge is nothin' more nor less than a—

SOLICITOR (*soothingly*): No, no, no! It's of no use talking like that. Let us look at the matter as sensible men, without any prejudice or heat of passion or—or anything of the kind. See what I mean, don't you?

CLIENT (*definitely*): I'll not give way wan jot.

SOLICITOR: Now, now, my dear sir! That is not the way, if you will allow me to say so: that is not the way to approach this question. There must be a certain give and take, you know, in all these matters.

CLIENT: It's not taking that I mind, but I'll be da—

SOLICITOR (*interrupting*): Do not let us forget that we are breathing the atmosphere of law, and that there is no time to spare. The law, my dear sir, waits for no man, and the Court has been adjourned for only ten minutes in order that we may arrive at a settlement. Now if (*tentatively*) you could possibly—mind I only throw this out as a hint—if you could possibly see your way to taking two fifty—

CLIENT (*obstinately*): Five hundred, and not a pinny less.

SOLICITOR: Two fifty, and each pay their own costs. (*Taps client's shoulder*) We force them to pay their own costs, don't you see?

CLIENT: They'll be payin' mine too, the scoundrels, or else—

SOLICITOR (*looking at his watch*): Time's getting on. (*Genially*) There's no stopping time is there? And shall we now, to finish this very unpleasant

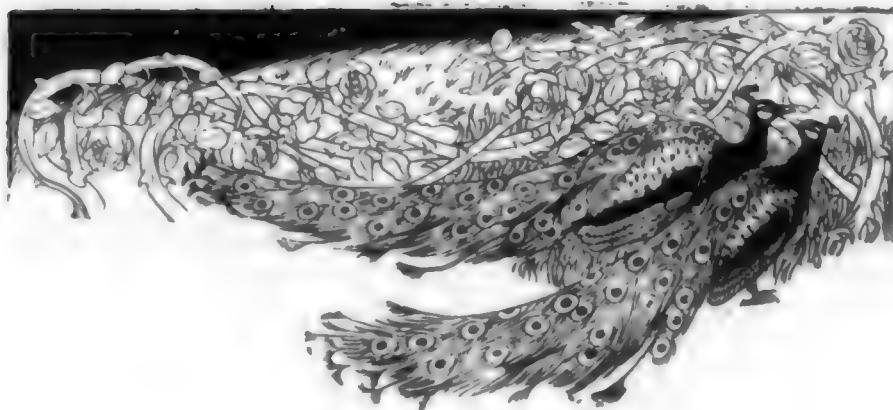
affair, show that we are strong enough to be magnanimous, aye? A man who has right on his side as you have—

CLIENT: I have that.

SOLICITOR: Can afford to do the generous thing. In the newspapers tomorrow everybody will see that you have played the part of a good-tempered, open-hearted, Irish gentleman, one of a race in whose blood flows—flows all that is the best and brightest in one of the most important islands of this Great Britain of ours, one whose sons have ever been first and foremost everywhere and—

CLIENT (*grudgingly*): Well I'll take it, just for once. But the first time I meet the blaigards I'll give them me opinion of their behaviour, and if they attempt to argue, I'll break ivery boan—

SOLICITOR (*relieved*): Spoken sir, if I may so, like a man of sense. Come along.



Theatres and Music-Halls.



MISS JENNY VALMORE
From a photograph by Dingwell R. Tate, Sutherland



THE SISTERS BARRISON

MISS JENNY VALMORE.

MISS JENNY VALMORE, one of the pleasantest actresses on the variety stage, has had a sufficiently varied experience since she adopted the profession in which she has become so well known. At the age of nine she made her first appearance in a pantomime at Manchester, and when she reappeared, after an interval spent in the comparative obscurity of private life, she rapidly made her way to the front. Since then she has been seen in all the London halls, in the provinces, and has toured in America. She crosses the Atlantic in the autumn to fulfil another engagement, and later on visits the Empire, Johannesburg. After that she will return to the London halls, at one of which, it may be noted, she once appeared at every single performance throughout a year.

THE SISTERS BARRISON.

THE leading lights of the Parisian music-halls have long been in the habit of making comet-like appearances here in London, but it is not so often that our English artists cross the Channel to amuse French audiences. The five sisters Barrison, however, are English, and it is in Paris that they have made their successes. They are excellent singers and dancers, and in the matter of what you might call *chic* they can give points to many of the daughters of Paris, the very home and birthplace of that excellent quality.

"BIARRITZ."

THE production of *Biarritz* at the Prince of Wales's has called down on the heads of the authors, Messrs. Adrian Ross and Jerome K. Jerome, a storm of hostile criticism. They have been accused of thinking anything good enough for the British public so long as Mr. Arthur Roberts was to interpret it, and of acting up to the conviction by producing a book which even the famous comedian cannot make tolerable. Upon the other hand Mr. Jerome has declared that he could speak, and he would, and that what he could tell of the play's history would cause the critics to be less severe upon its authors. However that may be, the play as it was produced on the first night was unmistakably a very bad one, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Arthur Roberts and his excellent company will be able to keep it alive.

MR. EDWIN BARWICK.

IT is not long since you were given in these



MR. EDWIN BARWICK AS SIR HENRY IRVING
From a photograph by Hana

pages a photograph of Mr. Edwin Barwick in the character of Svengali. Other imitations of his are no less admirable, and those who have seen his Irving are inclined to deem it the best in his repertoire. Only the living voice and the gestures of life can convey to you the extreme goodness of the thing, but as to the make-up, you can judge by the photograph on this page.



Two Campaigns.



Rudolf Slatin

Cairo.

SLATIN PASHA

THE pictures that follow show you some of the incidents in the two campaigns which have lately been entered upon: the Matabele War and the advance on the Soudan. Slatin Pasha, whose portrait is given above, has now an opportunity of revenge upon the people who kept him so long a captive, and there need be no doubt that he will be as ready as he assuredly will be able to assist the expedition, the necessity of which he has

preached since his escape from the hands of the Mahdists. The Matabele rising has already cost some valuable lives, and there will be battle before it is suppressed. But, though it is undoubtedly a war, it can make before the Peace Society the traditional excuse that it is "only a little one." The Soudan affair is much more serious. Fuzzy-wuzzy can fight, as our soldiers have learned, and if the Soudan is to be reconquered it will not be without the payment of a heavy price.



THE CAMEL CORPS
THE NEW SUDAN CAMPAIGN



MATABELI SCOUTS
Photo by G. W. White



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW



THE HOLY GATEWAY AT MOSCOW

THE CORONATION OF THE TZAR

THIS merry month of May will be an interesting time for those who live in the ancient capital of Russia, for in the present month the Tzar will be crowned in Moscow, and the ceremonies will begin on May 18th, and stretch on well into the next month. On the first day, which happens to be the anniversary of the Tzar's birth, he and the Tzarita will arrive at the Palace of Petrovsky, at the gates of Moscow, making a solemn entry into the city three days later. Upon the day after that the Extraordinary Ambassadors, who have come to

be present at the ceremony will be received in solemn audience, and there will be a solemn proclamation to the people of the great day chosen for the Coronation and the Consecration of their Imperial Majesties. The Coronation and Consecration take place on May 26th, and are followed by a solemn banquet in the old Salle des Tzars. For the common people's delight there will be magnificent illuminations in the evening, to celebrate the great event of the day. The following day is set apart for the presentation of felicitations to their Majesties, and a great banquet at the Granovitaya

Palata for the upper clergy and high dignitaries. Once again the mere citizens will have to content themselves with fireworks and fairy lamps. On the next day their Majesties will again be at home to receive deputations, and the evening will be devoted to a Court gala ball, with more fireworks and fairy lamps for the commonalty. Yet a third day will be occupied in the presentation of felicitations, and the standards will go back from the Throne Room to the Salles des Armes. There will be a gala spectacle at the Grand Imperial Theatre, and on the day after that the citizens of Moscow will get their opportunity in a popular festival in

what is called the Champ de Mars of Moscow. Dinner will be served in one of the Royal Palaces for the rural syndics, and the French Embassy gives a ball. After that there is hardly any need for further particularisation. The various Embassies will give balls and concerts, and, at the end of it all, there will be no one who is not heartily sick of solemn banquets. Finally there will be a review of the troops on the Champ de Mars and a banquet to the authorities and representatives of the Government and of the City of Moscow. Seeing that they will have been largely responsible for the regulation of three weeks of festivities they will deserve it.



STREET IN MOSCOW



THE melancholy curate of the *Bab Ballads* joyed in becoming frivolous on compulsion. To-day I discovered, with something of a shock, that I, too, was hypocritical at heart. One spring morning the sun beamed warmly on our sheltered town garden, the birds chattered busily among the boughs, and from the balcony I beheld neighbouring house-holders, armed with trowels, sanguinely consigning to earthy graves the contents of gaily illustrated packets of flower seeds. Babs brought from the winter harbourage of the old vineyard his "boat"—a long, narrow packing-case, with seats, oars, and rudder, all rudely carved with the saw-like blade of his own pocket-knife—and played Robinson Crusoe on the lawn. In a sentence, all Nature smiled, and I, following suit, donned a festive costume, took a sunshade and card-case, and fared forth a-visiting—only to be blown home an hour later by a north-east squall that broke my frail sunshade, drenched my frock, and prostrated me with a bad cold. On returning to the outer world, after a fortnight's seclusion, I found my skin so tender from staying indoors that I had, perforce, to apply to our worthy family physician for a remedy. Promptly he sent me a lotion that he declared to be exceedingly popular with his lady patients. It was a mysterious com-

pound which, in repose, revealed a deep layer of pink sediment, topped by a clear liquid, and which resolved itself, when shaken, into a roseate cream. I used it at first as a matter of duty; but, perceiving that it produced a soft bloom, grateful and comforting to a matron of certain years, I continued, after the actual



need had passed, to indulge therein from vain motives. Placed openly on my toilette table, bearing this seeming-innocent label: "74961. The lotion to be applied frequently.—Mrs. Babbington Bright," who could suspect it of holding occult properties? And, besides, was it not used by medical advice?

Well, only to-day did the fact that I was trifling with a pleasant little vice come home to me—and that by inference. Aunt Tabitha called, and insisted on my going with her to visit Mrs.

Pangloss, the widow of old Professor Pangloss, the once renowned man of science. Aunt Tabitha is an energetic, well-preserved woman of fifty, who looks forty, and who declares she feels an easy thirty. So I thoughtlessly anticipated in Mrs. Pangloss, who had been her especial friend at school, something akin to her. The Pangloss mansion stood in one of the quaint roads of the older portion of Hampstead. It might have looked trim and inhabited in its day, but now it was over-shadowed by lank overgrown shrubs. Leaving the bright, exhilarating atmosphere behind, we were led through a dark hall into a sitting-



room, dingy and dull, whose air was exhausted as though the windows were ever kept closed. Over the fire huddled Mrs. Pangloss, whose appearance suggested—as someone described George Eliot's—"a hurricane of petticoats, a whirlwind of shawls." She looked a dazed old woman and seemed to take interest in nothing and nobody. Even Aunt Tabitha's endeavours to recall the memory of their girlhood together at the Brighton boarding-school, failed to summon her attention.

"No, I don't go out. I haven't been out all winter. It is too cold to go out, and I walk so slowly," she said, in a dull, lifeless voice, in reply to our inquiries. "No, I'm not ill; only not strong. I must keep up my strength by

stimulants. The doctor said so. Doctors know best." So she mumbled on.

"Who is your doctor, Maria?" queried Aunt Tabitha, gently.

"I have none now. It was Dr. Parker-Logan. You may remember him, Tabitha. He told me—told me—"

Walking homewards together, down Fitzjohn's Avenue, Aunt Tabitha confided in me something of her old friend's sad history.

"Maria was pretty and gentle when she was young: not strong-minded, but literary in her tastes. She wrote elegant poetry, and even published a small volume. I have a copy of it to this

day. That portrait over the sofa in her room was Maria as I recall her shortly after she married Mr. Pangloss—he was not Professor then—and she was sweet and graceful at that time. The large books on the table in the picture are her husband's scientific works. The slim volume in her hand is *An Angel's Tears*, her own little book of verse. I don't think they were well suited. He was older than her, and he was engrossed in his researches, while she soon tired of trying to write, since she had no one to encourage her. Then

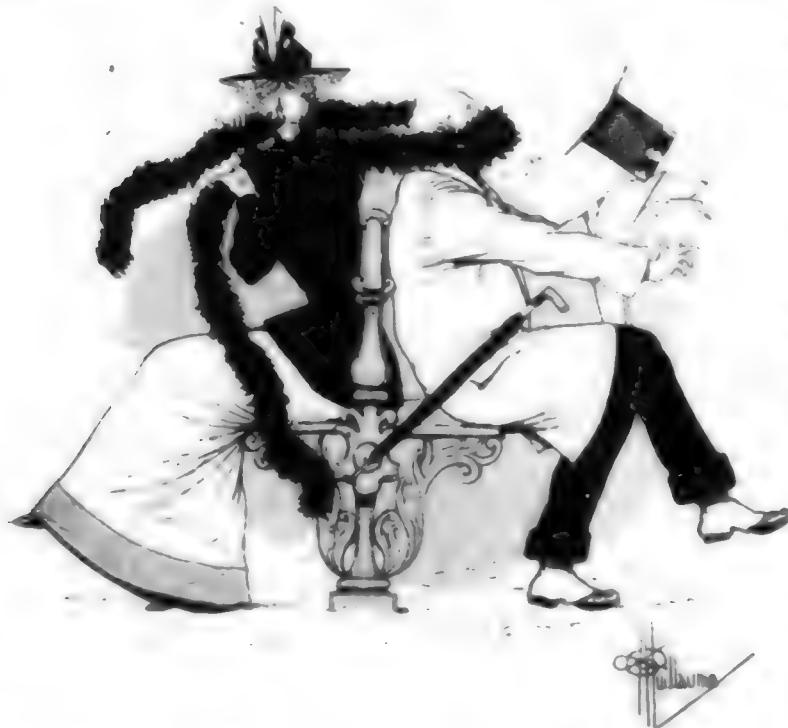
for a space she was ailing, and Sir Parker-Logan—who in my opinion trusted too much to stimulants—ordered her wine. She followed his prescription, at first from a sense of duty, but afterwards because she liked it. He died without knowing the evil he had unwittingly wrought. Her husband noticed nothing, and I returned from a long stay abroad to find her deteriorated, mentally and physically. You can guess how I tried to save her; but it was too late. There she sits: her only happy moments those that bring her the medicine 'the doctor ordered.'"

As I removed my hat in my room, meditating gravely on the pitiful record of Mrs. Pangloss's life, and wondering at her weakness in drifting into a condition

so hopeless, my gaze fell on the phial containing the seductive lotion. It also was a prescribed remedy once needed, but now adhered to merely for personal gratification. Would I remain a slave to it until I became all-too early a raddled old hag, to whom its use must be a constant necessity? Or would I resolutely throw it out and rid me of it for ever? For a moment the fate of my beauty-wash trembled in the balance: then human nature prevailed. "The lotion to be used frequently" still holds its place on my dressing-table.

At an exceeding interesting club debate lately I happened to sit next an elderly lady who was obviously burning to take part in the proceedings, and who made voluminous notes during the opening address. We occupied seats at right angles to the others, and thus we had a capital view of both the chairwoman

ever on the verge of rising, but never compassing the feat. As one speaker after another aired his or her opinions, she grew more and more agitated, and



and the audience. My old lady had clearly prepared a speech; and, when the discussion was declared open, she became a mere bundle of nerves, seeming

as every speech ended, she glanced about eagerly till a fresh Daniel came to judgment, and another opportunity was lost. To all remarks she listened with ill-concealed impatience, uttering little exclamations of scorn under her breath, and I kept expecting her as each occasion served to throw herself boldly into the breach. When, at last, the chairwoman asked if anyone else wished to address the meeting ere she declared the debate over, there was a long drawn out pause. "Now," I thought, "she must rise. It is impossible for her to miss the chance." My friend leant forward in her chair, and scanned eagerly the faces before her. She was trembling with excitement, and her features were working painfully. But still she

hesitated. Then a tall girl, with cropped hair and an assumed manner, sprang up to fill the vacancy, and my poor companion sank back in angry disappointment. She

closed her note-book with a snap, muttering : "It's no use trying to speak here, one never is allowed." Then the discussion ended, and the aspiring matron, convinced, I doubt not, that through injustice she had missed the supreme moment of her life, went forth indignant. I think it is Emerson who says that when you experience a desire to do anything, you should not let yourself be held back by nervousness or modesty, or someone who lacks your knowledge of the subject will assuredly do it.

Perhaps this elderly lady resembled two dear old maids in whose company Mr. Babbington-Bright travelled by rail in Devonshire. On leaving a certain station, one of them exclaimed:

"Surely that is Ottery St. Mary?"

"Yes," he replied; "we have just stopped there. Did you wish to get out?"

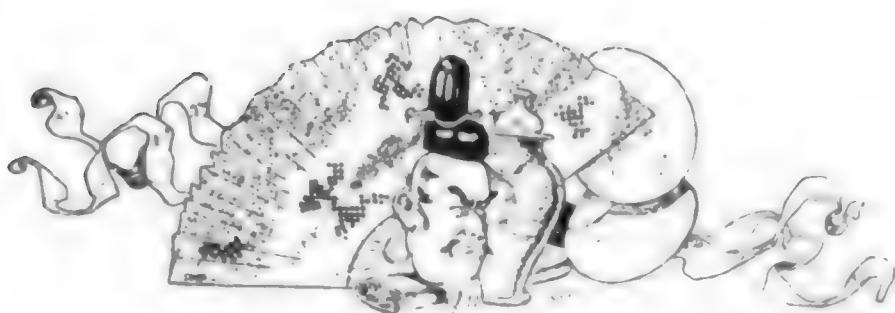
"Yes," said the quaint elder sister, who acted as spokeswoman ; "Ottery St. Mary is our destination. I thought it resembled the station, but I expected the officials would come to inquire if we desired to alight. How inconsiderate they are!"

My friend of the debate may have

expected an invitation to disburden her mind.

The east wind is blowing its chilliest while I write. I am quivering for two poor little rich children, whose nurses have paused in view of my study window to gossip with a milkman. The little ones are elaborately and expensively clad in plush, lace, and feathers as regards the upper portions of their bodies; but the lower have no better defence against the cold than silk socks and white kid shoes. Is such negligence the result of carelessness or ignorance on the part of their guardians? Money and thought have been expended on the details of their tasteful costumes, so that this dangerous nakedness must be set down to some foolish belief in making the poor little wretches "hardy." One of the children, a little girl, has her hands in a pretty, fleecy muff, and her appearance recalls that of a lady I met at dinner once, whose dress was extremely *décolleté*, but who had large pieces of wadding in her ears, and who explained that, having a cold, she deemed it wise to take precautions!

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT



The Fashions of the Month.

DESPITE the chastening influence of the Thirteen Club, and other non-impressionables, May is still regarded as an unlucky month for a wedding, and, consequently, April witnessed quite a rush of marriages—and of course—of trousseaux. That of Princess Alexandra of Coburg has already been so abundantly described in dailies and weeklies that further notice were superfluous. The extreme simplicity and elegance of every article prepared for the young Princess must be noted as yet another proof of the fact that in completeness rather than in magnificence lies truest distinction.

Canvas, mohair, grenadine, and grass-cloth are the materials of the year, and none is more charming than grass-cloth. Its chiné development is simply exquisite; for it has all the sheen of silk while it is lighter in texture. Confectioned deftly with lace, ribbons, and fine embroidery it makes the most fascinating of toilets. Canvas is a more workaday stuff, and varies in texture from the plain and substantial to the fanciful and the lacy; but all its varieties depend greatly on the admixture of other materials for effect. Thus a sober tobacco-brown canvas with a skirt untrimmed, save for rows of the tiniest tucks up the front, has a bodice of rose and gold shot taffeta. The yoke of the bodice is formed of tiny tucks, set into a band of lovely passementerie composed of little stars of cream guipure over-worked with sprays of single blossoms and foliage in natural shades of silk, and framed by scrolls of black velvet outlined in gold and embroidered in coloured flowers. A smaller band of this lovely work is passed round the neck below a collar of taffeta; and from the bust fall loose straps of brown satin ribbon, each starting from a rosette and terminating at the waistband and which is likewise of brown satin. The back and front of the bodice are exactly alike, and

the brown canvas sleeves are fitted to the lower arm by rows of tiny tucks, and are buttoned at the wrists. Another pretty gown is in a sort of drab basket-work canvas, and the skirt is hung over an inner one of blue and drab silk. The bodice is of silk, but a canvas pelérine forming revers in front crosses and partially covers it. The pelérine finishes off below the waist in pear-shaped tabs bordered with guipure. The straps, without which, at present, no bodice seems complete, are canvas overlaid with guipure. A folded band of the silk tied in a knot, with a single end in front, unites the bodice and the skirt.

A beautiful evening bodice, which would glorify all sorts of unpretentious skirts, is made of soft rose-silk veiled in pale heliotrope chiffon. The loose front is of Brussels lace, and about the shoulders there is a dainty arrangement of chiffon lace and pearl and gold embroidery with clusters of heliotrope acacia set among them. To be truly *chic* you must have all your flowers in the wrong colours. The full short sleeves are of chiffon over silk, and are set into a bracelet of the embroidery. About the waist there is a sash of rose-pink satin ribbon fastened in a careless bow, and having two short ends.

For a day blouse the most charming model is that shown in our first illustration. It is made of a pretty chiné silk that has a device of dark wall-flower tints on a delicate greyish-green ground. The inner yoke and sleeve puffs are of black kilted chiffon, and the sleeves, yoke-pieces and front pleats are of coarse guipure of rather a dark shade. The ribbon belt is of wall-flower satin ribbon. The pretty hat worn with it is of greyish green mixed straw, with a guipure crown, bow of black satin ribbon, roses of a dark terra-cotta to match the wall-flower, and upstanding leaves of that dark reddish shade that some rose leaves have.

One of the most important adjuncts

* * * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouvierie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



DAY BLOUSE

of the toilet just now is the neck ruff, and considerable ingenuity has been exercised in varying it. Black chiffon, satin edged and kilted, mixed with flowers and ribbons, is the most familiar form of ruff, but this, alas, is no longer new, save in the outlying suburbs where modes penetrate slowly. More original far are the ruffles of kilted white chiffon tipped with black ostrich feathers, and having double cravat ends falling over each other, and lightly finished with the tips — scarcely a profitable article of wear

for London you would think, but then there is a peculiarly subtle joy in extravagance at times.

The newest thing in capes is to fasten them at one side instead of in front. This has the merit of being hygienic at least, for capes that open down the front give excellent opportunities for catching cold in the chest, especially on cold east windy spring days. The wide circular cape, hanging in gently increasing fulness, lined with silk and simply finished with turnover velvet collar, is still the

most useful garment made for morning and miscellaneous wear. For those who cannot afford a variety, drab and brown are best, but these capes also look well in réséda heliotrope and "eminence" purple cloth. The loose full jacket is, of course, the newest thing, and on a tall

embroidered gauntlet cuff are its only other embellishments. Different in style but also pleasing is a dark green tight-fitting coat made in covert coating. Each seam is outlined by many rows of narrow black braid, that leaves its straight track at intervals to twist itself into



SUMMER HAT

slim figure is excellent. Stout women and short women, however, should avoid it as they would the plague. A very pretty one is made of light fawn face cloth hanging back and front in box-pleats from a yoke embroidered in cream flax thread. A brown velvet tabbed—the "tab," a somewhat inartistic device, is with us once more—collar and an

groups of pretty, intricate pattern. The fronts are turned back with black corded silk, and there are "frogs" on the braiding and black buttons in front. The reefer jacket is with us still, and is likely to be always in fashion for the seaside and the country. One in black serge, with a full, short basque behind, is lined with red shot taffeta, has a collar of red

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velvet, and enormous buttons. More elaborate is a mantle and fichu in one of black satin, bordered with a floral design, executed in jet and gold. This mantle is very cleverly cut, and has folds that extend from the centre of the back over the shoulders to the waist in front, whence they fall in fichu ends to the feet. It is edged with thickly-quilled

divided from the others by an open-work jet passementerie. The neck frill is of the taffeta. Still more brilliant is a mantle of chiné silk, the ground showing changing tones of pale blue, green and gold, and showing up with perfect effect a design of chrysanthemums in dark terra-cottas and greens. Over this silk is hung first green and then black net.



ANOTHER SUMMER HAT

satin-edged black chiffon, which is very full about the neck. Large bows of a black ribbon, with a chiné pattern in rich, dark shades upon it, are introduced at each side of the bust. Brighter and more youthful than this is a cape of sapphire and gold shot taffeta, under black lisso, kilted in such wise that the folds take the form of inverted V's, each V being

A drapery of the silk hangs hood-like behind, and in loops in front. The net is frilled about the neck, and clusters of chrysanthemums shaded to match those that pattern the silk complete this smart and daring mantalet.

Hats continue festive and floral as ever. The one in the second of our illustrations is of magenta straw and is trimmed entirely with roses that run.

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through every shade of this brilliant colour. Note the high pinnacle in which the roses are arranged at one side, for this is one of the features of the year. More simple and subdued is the hat shown in our third illustration. It has a full crown of green straw pleated into a flat black brim, and is trimmed simply with a garland and aigrette of Spring flowers, as cowslips and polyanthus. The arrangement of the spotted veil is very charming. Spring weather and Spring flowers, and Spring gaiety, make the mind turn readily to floral decoration. This grows more elaborate and more artistic every year. At a recent ball all the mirrors in a white and gold ball-room were framed and crossed by flowers and greenery in exact imitation of

Watteau screens. Golden baskets, with roses tumbling out of them; knots of blue ribbon; gold musical instruments and tropical birds were all used with admirable effect. Interesting, if not artistic, was the decoration recently devised by a wealthy young bachelor nobleman for the mirror in his smoking-room. Charming little brown orchids figured as corks popping out of floral bottles of champagne, the sparkling drink being realistically reproduced by a fairy grass. Amongst other things imitated were cards, dice, wine glasses, billiard cues, and bunches of grapes —altogether surely never did more eccentric decoration evolve from the erratic brain of irresponsible gilded youth.

